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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

A Collection of National English Airs, consisting of Ancient Song, Ballad, and Dance Tunes, interspersed with Remarks and Anecdotes, and preceded by an Essay on English Minstrelsy. The Airs Harmonised, for the Pianoforte, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc., G. A. Macfarren, and J. A. Wade. Edited by W. Chapell, F.S.A. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1840. Chapell; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

We lately had occasion to turn to the ancient music of Scotland, as brought prominently forward by the publication of the Skene MS. (*Literary Gazette*, No. 1150); and to review with merited encomiums the resuscitation of evidence so important to the history of the concord of sweet sounds as a national and popular science. We have also had, for several weeks, on our table an Irish work which claims our attention to the minstrelsy of that land of the harp; but, in the meantime, we owe no less a debt to Mr. Chapell for his patriotic effort to rescue the music of Old England from the obloquy under which it has been laid by the assertions, that this country never had a national school, but delighted in a melody from all nations, just as its inhabitants were composed of Celts, Picts, British, Gauls, Saxons, Danes, Normans, Irish, and Scotch, &c. &c. &c.

"The object (says Mr. Chapell) of the present work is to give practical refutation to the popular fallacy that England has no national music,—a fallacy arising solely from indolence in collecting; for we trust that the present work will shew that there is no deficiency in material, whatever there may have been in the prospect of encouragement to such collections. It is hoped that such songs as 'Chevy Chase,' 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury,' 'Robin Hood and the Bishop,' 'From Oberon in Fairy-land,' and the numerous fine old ballads in which England so peculiarly abounds, will be received with additional interest when accompanied by their original tunes, and probably excite a feeling of surprise, that while, within the last century, so many collections of Irish, Scotch, and Welsh airs have appeared, in the same period scarcely one collection of English should have been made. It has been too much the fashion with us to pay little attention to our own tunes; and the last importation has been generally the best received: so that want of encouragement has been justly complained of by our native musicians in all ages, and not less so at the very time when we might have challenged competition with any other nation in Europe. Even the materials of the present work are, in some degree, drawn from foreign sources; and in particular from two collections of English airs, the one printed at Haerlem† in 1626, and the other at Amsterdam‡ in 1634; in which are

to be found several melodies, acquiring additional interest from being mentioned by Shakspeare, by Izaak Walton, &c., and might have been sought for in vain at home. The existence, however, of two such collections a century before any published collection of Irish or Scotch is a proof that, though lightly esteemed by ourselves, English airs must then have been held in considerable estimation abroad; and as public attention has been gradually turning to the old English ballad, since Dr. Percy first led the way, as madrigals have been recently revived, and heard with pleasure, and even the national country-dance has been again introduced at court,—it is hoped that the present moment may prove auspicious for a publication of this description; more especially since the indifference with which the pursuit has been generally regarded has caused a difficulty in procuring the necessary works of reference, which would only become greater by farther delay. It is often difficult to affix periods, or to authenticate tunes, which rest wholly upon the uncertain evidence of tradition; but the antiquity of the airs in this collection has a firmer basis, being generally accompanied by dates and evidences of publication at least a century old; and old as these authorities are, they, in their time, only chronicled elder things. Thus the 'Beggars Opera' (1728), and the numerous ballad operas which its success engendered, were all made up of 'snatches of old tunes.' 'The English Dancing Master,' with its multiplied editions from 1650 to 1721; 'D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy;' and 'Antidote against Melancholy,' from 1666 to 1720; 'The Musical Miscellany,' six volumes, 1729; Walsh's 'British Musical Miscellany,' in six volumes; Queen Elizabeth's, Elizabeth Rogers', and other virginal books; the MSS. of Henry the Eighth's time, the Harleian, and others in the British Museum,* with the already mentioned collections published at Haerlem and Amsterdam in 1626 and 1634, have each contributed their quota. It now only remains to observe, that diligent research has been made to obtain, compare, and select, the best copies of the melodies; and occasionally different settings of the same air are placed in juxtaposition; so that to meet a diversity of taste, opportunities are afforded of selecting from various sources of equally acknowledged authenticity."

In further explaining the nature of his plan, Mr. Chapell adds:—

"Some airs are inserted as national favourites, though not strictly national music, in

* "It is to be hoped that the attention of the Trustees may be soon drawn to the state of the invaluable library of music in the British Museum; for whilst the publisher is taxed a copy of every work, it is but just that it should be open to inspection. At present, with the exception of a few works on theory, which, being almost entirely letterpress, are included with the books, the music is perfectly inaccessible,—not being catalogued or classed in any manner. No persons can be more attentive or obliging than the attendants in the reading-room, but in this they are unable to render any assistance. It is not generally known that the manuscripts of the great Henry Purcell and many others are also in the Museum; but they are in the same state as the music, and are not to be seen."

† "If that which truly constitutes national music be an affinity between it and the ruling passions or even pastimes of a people, the English have an undoubted claim to distinction; for while other countries have in

the sense generally used, as the composers are known: such are 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' 'Black-eyed Susan,' 'Rule Britannia,' &c.; which are always accompanied by the names of the composers. One verse of the words of most of the songs is given between the lines of music, but it has not been thought necessary to divide each syllable to its proper note, because the metre is occasionally so irregular, that if right in one verse it would be wrong in another. A glance at 'Robin Hood and the Bishop,' tune LXXI., will sufficiently demonstrate the necessity of this precaution. Sometimes, the words are entirely omitted,* many of the old songs being too coarse for republication; and in other instances a good melody is either coupled with words not worth printing, or the originals have not been found. As by far the greater part of the old airs are found without basses, and a good melody 'is not for an age, but for all time,' so occasional deviations have been made from the rigid school of harmony which some would wish to see always accompanying antiquity: the melodies, however, have been held inviolate. Dr. Crotch, Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Wade, who have arranged the basses to the airs (and whose initials are attached to their respective portions), have severally followed their own judgment and taste; and it is to be hoped that their occasional diversity of style may rather please than disappoint the patrons of the work. Horace remarks, 'Difficile est proprie communia dicere,' and it will probably be equally difficult to harmonise to every person's taste."

This introduction so fully and distinctly describes the volumes before us, that we have little to do except to turn over their pages and mark the manner in which the design of their author has been carried out; for it is not within our competency to copy any of the music as specimens of the whole. But we may say that we have been greatly charmed by them, their peculiar characters, their beauty, the air of antiquity that breathes from them and affords all the interest of affecting associations. Who can listen to the touching simplicity of "Chevy Chase" without picturing to the imagination those by whom it was originally sung,—the rush-strewed floor, the rude instrument accompanying the voice of ladye fair or wandering minstrel, the stern men melted into the quality of mercy by its tones, and the rough society by which the whole was surrounded? Then come the bacchanalian round with loud genial chorus; the sea-song of ancient times, in which the English sailor's perils and valour were first vaunted in strains of national pride; the love-verse, with its classic sympathies (how far from natural, and yet how poetical and pleasing); the political chanson; the inspiring war-blast, and the hardly less inspiring notes dedicated to hunting and the sports of the field; the familiar picture of man-

their songs been either martial or melancholy, or both, there is in the old English ballad a certain firmness and solidity of expression which admirably harmonise with the independent spirit and freedom of the national character."

* "It was at first intended to publish the tunes entirely without words, but they were found frequently to lose so much by the omission, that the editor thought it advisable to retain them."

* By Henry Lawes (so highly eulogised by Milton), by Matthew Locke, author of the music in 'Macbeth,' and numerous others. Lawes set to music the initial words of a Catalogue of Books, and passing them off as a song newly imported, ridiculed the success with which it was received by the public."

† "Neder-Landsche Gedenck-clank door Adriaanum Valerium." The words are all Dutch, but the tunes are acknowledged by the title, 'Engelsche Stemmen.'"

‡ "Friesche Lust-hof, door Jan Jansz. Starter." In this collection the words are also Dutch, but the tunes have their names in English."

ners, and satirical squibs of the times; and, in short, all the multifarious forms which the genius of Music assumes in giving a new and lasting passport to words of every kind; at once rendering them universally acceptable, and preserving them in a medium to be handed down to future generations. The airs mentioned by, or illustrating, Shakspere alone, which are revived in Mr. Chapell's admirable collection, convey proof enough of this variety, and of the existence of a national music at a very early period. They are thus enumerated with reference to the pages where they occur in the first volume:—

"No. 1, Gravedigger's Song, in 'Hamlet.'—No. 2, King Lear and his Three Daughters, and 'When Arthur first in court began.'—No. 11, Green Sleeves.—Nos. 38, 39, How should I your True Love know?—No. 40, Good Morrow, it is St. Valentine's Day.—Nos. 41 and 41 bis, And will he not come again?—No. 233, For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy?—No. 61, Under the Greenwood Tree.—No. 84, Light o' Love.—No. 132, When that I was a little tiny boy.—No. 164, It was a lover and his lass.—Nos. 169 and 170, Peg-a-Ramsey.—No. 206, Three merry men we be.—No. 62, Fortune my foe, and Titus Andronicus' Complaint.—No. 178, Heart's ease.—No. 180, Come live with me and be my love.—No. 196, The hunt is up.—No. 203, Trip and go.—No. 231, The Carman's Whistle.—No. 237, Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.—And No. 241, O mistress mine."

These, however, constitute but a very small portion of this interesting production, which contains some hundreds of ancient tunes, ancient words, not very modern adaptations of the former, and curious alterations in the latter, and both airs and poetry founded on them down to our own day. It may be supposed what a treasure we have in the entire miscellany!

The "Essay on English Minstrelsy" is a very able paper, and displays much reading and diligent research. It compresses into the most agreeable and instructive form all that is requisite to be learned on the subject, and abounds with characteristic traits and anecdotes connected with the airs, which are altogether collected by the industry of Mr. Chapell. We must endeavour to quote an example or two. In the remarks on "Old Sir Simon the King" (a favourite tune with the cavaliers in 1641), we are informed:—

"Upon the margin of a copy of Sir J. Hawkins's 'Dictionary of Music,' formerly belonging to Dr. Burney, and now in the British Museum, is the following note, in the doctor's handwriting:—'This is the tune to an old song, which see in 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' vol. iii. p. 144. It is conjectured that the subject of it was Simon Wadlow, who kept the Devil Tavern," at the time when Ben Jonson's Club, called the Apollo Club, met there. In the verses over the Apollo Room was this couplet:—

* Hang up all the poor hep-drinkers,
Cries old Sim the King of Skinkers."†

And we are further told that the word "hep" was "a term of derision, applied to those who drank a weak infusion of the hep (hip) berry, or sloe. Hence the exclamation of 'Hip, hip, hurra!' corrupted from 'Hip, hip, away!'"

Our next reference is to
"My Lodging it is on the Cold Ground."—This song is taken from Sir William Davenant's comedy of 'The Rivals,' acted by his

highness the Duke of York's servants,' in 1668, and printed by William Cademan, at the Pope's Head, in the lower walk of the new Exchange, in the same year. Downes, in his 'Roscius Anglicanus; or, an Historical View of the Stage,' relates that King Charles II. was so pleased on hearing Mrs. Davis sing this song in the character of Celania, the shepherdess mad for love, that he took her off the stage, and had a daughter by her, who was named Mary Tudor, and was married to Francis, Lord Ratcliffe, afterwards Earl of Derwentwater. Mrs. Davis (better known as Moll Davis) was one of the female actresses who boarded with Sir William Davenant, and was the first who played that part. The air, as it is usually played, is very different from any of the old printed copies, which are interspersed with a number of paltry symphonies and imitations, detracting very much from the beauty of the melody. See No. 46 bis, which is taken from an old edition printed on a half sheet, and is presented in *statu quo*. The following is a reprint of the song from the first edition of the play.*

"My Lodging it is on the Cold Ground.

My lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare;
But that which troubles me most is
The unkindness of my dear.
Yet still I cry, O turn, love,
And prethee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that I long for,
And, alack what remedy!
I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush ring,
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing;
O turn to me, my dear love,
And prethee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone canst
Procure my liberty.
But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my piteous moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone;
Yet still I cry, O turn, love,
And prethee, love, turn to me,
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery."

There are a few other curious quotations, which we give without comment, as they sufficiently explain themselves, and exemplify Mr. Chapell's singularly attractive work:—

"No. CLXX. *Turkelony*.—From William Ballet's 'Lute Book' (see note to p. 115). It is mentioned as a dance tune by Nashe, in his 'Have with you to Saffron Walden,'—'or doo as Dick Harvey did, that having preacht and beat downe three pulpits in inveighing against dauncing, one Sunday evening, when his wench or friskin was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and foote in, and as busie as might be at 'Roger,' + 'Basillino,' 'Turkelony,' 'All the flowers of the broom,' 'Pepper is black,' 'Green Sleeves,' 'Peggie Ramsey,' he came sneaking behind a tree, and lookt on; and though hee was loth to be seene to countenance the sport, having laid God's word against it so dreadfully; yet to shewe his good will to it in heart, hee sent her eighteen pence in hugger mugger, to pay the fiddlers."

* As this song has been published by Moore in his admirable collection of 'Irish Melodies,' the editor wishes to state it as the opinion of Mr. Bunting, who has devoted his life to the collection of Irish music,—of Mr. Wade, who has also made it a particular study,—of Mr. Edward Taylor, the Gresham lecturer,—of Dr. Crotch, Mr. Ayrton, and many other eminent musical antiquaries, that from internal evidence of the tune itself, it is not Irish, but English; nor, indeed, has he hitherto met with any difference of opinion amongst musicians upon the subject. About the time that it was printed in Moore's 'Irish Melodies,' it was also published (in Dublin) in Clifton's 'British Melodies.'"

† "Roger," 'All the flowers of the broom,' 'Green Sleeves,' and 'Peg-a-Ramsey,' are in William Ballet's 'Lute Book.' 'Pepper's black' is in the seventh edition of 'The Dancing Master.'"

It is also mentioned with 'Roger,' 'Trenchmore,' &c. in Stephen Gosson's 'School of Abuse,' 1579; and the figure of the dance is in a manuscript in the Bodleian Library (MSS. Rawl. Poet. 108), written about the year 1507. The same manuscript contains also 'The Old Allmayne,' 'The Queen's Allmaine,' and 'The Nine Muses.'

"No. CLXVI. *Tom Tinker's my True Love*.—This song, which was introduced in 'The Beggars' Opera,' to the words 'Which way shall I turn me?' is to be found in D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. vi. p. 265. It is mentioned in a black-letter tract, called 'The World's Folly,' 'A pot of strong ale, which was often at his nose, kept his face in so good a colour, and his brains in so kinde a heate, as forgetting part of his forepassed pride, in the good humour of grieving patience, made him, with a hemming sigh, illavourdly singe the ballad of 'Whilom I was,' to the tune of 'Tom Tinker.' The song begins thus:—

"Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his dear;
And I will go with him his budget to bear,
For of all the young men he has the best way;
All the day he will fiddle, at night he will play,—
This way, that way, which way you will,
I'm sure I say nothing that you can take ill, &c."

In 'The Dancing Master' of 1650, and in other early editions of the same work, another, and perhaps older, tune is to be found under the same name.

"No. CLXVII. *Joan's Ale is New; or, the Jovial Tinker*.—From D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' vol. v. p. 61, edition of 1719. Ben Jonson, in his 'Tale of a Tub,' introduces 'Old Father Rosin, chief minstrel of Highgate, and his two boys,' who play the tunes called for by the company, which are 'Tom Tiler,' 'The Jolly Joiner,' and 'The Jovial Tinker.' 'Joan's Ale is New' (the burden of the song) is enumerated in a curious list of some hundred 'small books, ballads, and histories, printed for and sold by William Thackery, at the Angel in Duck Lane,' about the year 1680. The following quotation concerning the musical acquisitions of tinkers is from p. 94 of a 'Declaration of Egregious Impostures' (1604), written by Samuel Harnet, who died Archbishop of York. 'Lustie Jolly Jenkin, by his name should seeme to be foreman of the motley morrice: he had under him, saith himselfe, forty assistants; or rather (if I mistake not), he had beene by some old exercist allowed for the master setter of Catches, or Roundes used to be sung by Tinkers, as they sit by the fire, with a pot of good ale between their legges: 'Hey, jolly Jenken, I see a knave drinking,' &c.' Quare, how many tinkers in the present day can be found to sing catches?"

We must here break off, but will continue our illustrations from these volumes, so full of curious matter and of interest to every class of readers. As the high annual time of scientific record approaches, we look to them to give an agreeable variety to our columns, and will place them under our head of Music.

Memoir of John James Macgregor, author of a "History of the French Revolution and the War," &c. With copious Extracts from his Writings. By his Son, John James Macgregor, M.D. Dublin, 1840. Curry and Co. THE biography of Mr. Macgregor, like that of many literary men, possesses no feature of extraordinary interest. He was a native of Limmerick, of which city his father was appointed store-keeper to the garrison, as a reward for his services in the 42d regiment, called, about the

* At Temple Bar."

† A skinker is one that serves drink.—Johnson's Dictionary."

period at which the elder Mr. Macgregor volunteered to join it, "The Black Watch."

The subject of the present memoir was the youngest of seventeen children, and was born in 1775.

"Amongst the many amusing anecdotes which Mr. Macgregor was fond of relating of his father, we shall give the following, as a specimen of the mode by which disagreeable events can, by a little judgment, combined with a playful degree of humour, be converted into a subject of mirth with children. Whenever it was thought necessary for one of them to take medicine, the old man himself poured out the nauseous draught into a cup, and presented it to the little patient; should there be any demurring, he immediately assumed a martial and stern air, at the same time exclaiming, in a tone of command—'What, sir! do you refuse to drink the king's health?' If he was not instantly obeyed, he then sung the following couplet, which was always decisive:—

'He that will this cup deny,
Into his face the dregs shall fly.'

The cup was then emptied at once, and the child smiled with astonishment and pleasure at the ease with which he had gotten through an operation, the bare thought of which was so dreaded a moment before."

Young Macgregor was educated at a school in his native town, conducted by Mr. Carroll, who is said to have "possessed a kind heart and great shrewdness in the management of his young subjects, whom he disciplined with an ingenuity and effect which were highly creditable to the inventive genius of the worthy man. Whenever a boy was guilty of any misdeemeanour, or had neglected the preparation of his allotted task, a leathern strap was put around his waist, which was attached to a strong iron hook fastened in the wall; so that the unhappy delinquent was suspended several feet above the ground, to the no small delight and amusement of the laughing group, who were directed by the master to play a game of ball, so as to afford him an opportunity of exercising his skill by avoiding, in the best manner he might, the threatened stroke. So much was this species of punishment dreaded, that it produced a more decided effect than the use of the rod or cat-o'-nine tails. There were many boys educated at this seminary who have since earned laurels for themselves in the different professions which they entered: amongst those are the names of Lefroy, Ouseley, &c."

Young Macgregor was intended by his father for the study of physic, but "he suddenly altered his intentions, and apprenticed his son to Hargrove and Co. printers and booksellers, in the city of Limerick, in whose office he contracted a friendship for the late Mr. John Bull of Waterford, who afterwards became the printer and publisher of his six first volumes of the 'History of the French Revolution.' The events which occurred at this period of his life have often been a theme of conversation with his family in after-years. His fellow-apprentices were, without an exception almost, young men of dissipated habits, whose temples of worship were the tavern and the theatre, and whose deity was Pleasure. After for a long time withstanding their entreaties to visit a private theatre, upon whose boards many of them performed as amateurs, his curiosity at length vanquished his scruples and he went one night to see the 'Soldier's Daughter.' The scenic delusions, however, were not sufficiently fascinating to obliterate from his mind a sense of sinful indulgence, nor was the voice of conscience to be silenced by the din of theatrical folly; for

before the piece was concluded he left the place, stole to his closet, and there, in the silence of the night, poured out in penitence and prayer the affliction of his soul, and fervently sought pardon from God for what he deemed so gross a violation of his commandments. This proved the first and last occasion he ever entered a theatre. * * * At a very early age [23] (says Mr. Macgregor's biographer) he obtained the situation of editor to a paper in Waterford, called the 'Munster Telegraph,' an undertaking which at the stormy period of ninety-eight [1798] required no small share of talent and moral courage to engage in."

Mr. Macgregor supported the loyal side of the question, and took an active part among the Wesleyan Methodists at this critical time, and soon after entered into trade as a bookseller. Bankruptcy followed; and then he opened a school, which the state of his health obliged him to give up in the course of two years. Mr. Macgregor "was nearly forty years old when he first entertained the serious idea of devoting his energies to the arduous pursuit of letters, and of commencing an enterprise hazardous and uncertain in its results, and deeply involving the dearest interests he held in life."

In 1814, he commenced writing his "History of the French Revolution," upon the suggestion of the late Major Hill of Waterford.

"He says: 'A friend or two to whom I shewed my manuscript, approved of my first attempt, and thus encouraged I went on to publish my prospectus; upon which Sir John Newport and other literary men in Waterford kindly opened their libraries for my use, and in a few months afterwards five hundred names were entered upon my subscription-list.' Thus he found himself engaged in an undertaking, the magnitude of which, perhaps, does not strike the minds of many, except such as are acquainted with the difficulties which are opposed to the publication of an extensive work in such a country as Ireland, especially in a provincial town, and at a time when there existed less speculation in literature than at the present day. We may obtain some information upon the subject from Mr. Macgregor's own remarks. 'I proceeded with my manuscript for two years, not knowing by what means it would see the light. No Irish bookseller would at that time undertake it; and having as yet no character as an author, I saw little chance of doing any good with it in London. I therefore perceived I had no other mode of acting than to bring it out in numbers and endeavour to push it myself. After these numbers had been published, the work appeared likely to be so popular that a friend lent me a sum of money on its security. This enabled me to go on with spirit till I completed my first volume and a great part of my second; and in the autumn of 1816 I set out on a tour through the south of Ireland, and in four months procured nearly four hundred additional subscribers."

Soon after, Mr. Macgregor was introduced to Sir James Macgregor, who not only subscribed for his namesake's work, but forwarded to the Duke of Wellington an application to permit Mr. Macgregor's "History of the French Revolution" to be dedicated to his grace, and who declined acceding to the request for the reasons stated in the following letter, which may be regarded as a literary curiosity:—

"Paris, March 29th, 1817.

'Dear Sir,—I am very sorry I cannot consent to the dedication to me of the work of Mr. Macgregor, of Waterford. I have uniformly refused such applications, because I conceive that when I give a formal permission that a

work should be dedicated to me, I give an approbation at least of its contents. This I cannot do without first reading the work. If any person chooses to dedicate a work to me without a permission I have no objection, but I neither can nor will give a permission.—I have, &c.

'WELLINGTON.'

"Mr. Macgregor, under those circumstances, very properly declined dedicating the work to his grace; but the latter became one of his subscribers, and shortly afterwards some of the highest names in the army and navy were added to his list. Many copies of the "History" were also sent out to India, to the officers who were stationed there with their regiments."

In 1819, Mr. Macgregor published his fifth volume of the "History of the French Revolution," and visited London with the view of extending its sale. At this time "he attended a conference of the Church Methodists, where the establishment of a magazine was suggested; and this body expressed their unanimous wish that he should be appointed their editor, and should make arrangements for settling altogether in Dublin."

Mr. Macgregor returned from London to Waterford by the way of Dublin, and here he collected materials for a picture of the Irish metropolis, which was speedily published, and for which he received 120*l*.

In 1820, Mr. Macgregor published his sixth volume of the "History of the French Revolution," but its pecuniary support from subscribers was seriously injured by the failure of several provincial banks. "By this," says Mr. Macgregor, "many of my subscribers were ruined, and a general damp cast upon all business, in which I largely participated."

Mr. Macgregor removed with his family, in 1821, to Dublin, where he was engaged to conduct a weekly paper called the "Family Gazette," at a salary of 150*l*. per annum. This publication, however, terminated at the end of the first year; and Mr. Macgregor "commenced the management and editorship of the 'Church Methodist Magazine,' a quarterly publication, which was brought out with a view of presenting to the members of the society a cheap means of storing their minds with useful and religious information."

Of its editor his biographer observes, that, "For one who had very little physical strength, it is a matter of surprise that he possessed moral courage sufficient to engage in so arduous a work as the 'History of the French Revolution,' which occupied altogether nearly twenty years before it was completed; during which period he underwent a process of mental labour that was quite depressing, and which often reduced him to the last degree of lowness of spirits: but such was the elasticity of his mind, that a comparatively trifling circumstance sufficed to cheer him to persevere in his task. He seemed to be influenced by that unaccountable stimulus which men of genius often feel within them, to attempt things which individuals of more cautious temperament would never dream of."

In 1819, Lord Talbot, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, was pleased to grant Mr. Macgregor permission to dedicate to his excellency the "History of the French Revolution." We have thus minutely traced the progress of an important work which ought to have received popular support on its own merits, with the view of shewing how much importance its author placed upon a dedication, and what the literary views of the Duke of Wellington are upon this, as it appears to us, unimportant matter.

"From the great expense of the work, and other causes which we have before mentioned, there was a considerable delay in the publication, and Mr. Macgregor was forced to change his original plan of bringing it out in eight volumes octavo, with a certain number of engravings, to that of extending the letterpress, and suppressing some of the plates which were attended with much delay in the execution. In order to keep his engagement with his subscribers, he was forced to enter into an agreement with his friend, Mr. Christopher Benham, who was to receive two-thirds of the profits for printing, and bear the other expenses of the publication of the remainder of the book. By this unpropitious circumstance his expectation of any emolument, at least from the succeeding volumes of the first edition, was greatly diminished: so that his labours, for some years, were attended with little recompense of a pecuniary nature; yet it rejoiced him to have the prospect of witnessing the termination of a work which had for many years occupied his thought most intensely, and had been a source of deep uneasiness at all seasons. The best years of his life were spent in its production, and now that he might naturally look forward to reaping some harvest after all his toil, he was miserably disappointed. The hopes he fondly entertained of being able to lay by some moderate provision for his family, against the time when it should please Providence to remove him from amongst them, were sadly blighted; and thus he found himself approaching the evening and decline of life in the same situation as when he began to write the first pages of his laborious task. His strength was fast declining, and when he looked around and saw the gloomy prospects which awaited him on every side, he sunk into the greatest despondency of mind, which rendered even the society of his friends irksome to him. Still he did not altogether despair; his trust in the never-failing mercy of a gracious God did not entirely forsake him; and when weighed down by a load of foreboding evil, he was wont to enter his chamber and pour out his spirit in secret to the Eternal One: by such means he ever obtained the relief he sought, and rose up from his knees invigorated and refreshed. At this period he was appointed to a situation on the 'Christian Examiner; or, Church of Ireland Magazine;' and continued his connexion with it for five years.* His mind was constantly employed in literary avocations; he corrected and revised all his own writings, which employment occupied a great portion of his time.† There can be little doubt that such close application, with the pernicious habits of sitting up till one or two o'clock, served to shorten his span of existence, and hasten him towards the tomb. Yet it is doubtful whether he could have avoided this practice, placed under the peculiar circumstances he was; for such was the anxious nature of his mind, that he could not rest if any thing were left unfinished before he retired for the night: in this spirit he often exclaimed, 'None but an author knows an author's cares.'"

The following remarks upon the value of historical writing appear to us to be extremely judicious:—

"It would be well if every man who has taken upon himself the responsibility of record-

ing on the eventful page of history the actions of kings and emperors, for the instruction of posterity, had paid the same attention to the improvements of the reader's moral taste, as he (Mr. Macgregor) has done. Perhaps one of the most difficult parts of the historian's labour consists in the judicious sifting of a variety of testimony, and winnowing with a cautious hand the chaff of prejudice and falsehood from the precious golden grain of truth. We conceive, however, the chief responsibility to be that of the proper application of events which appear to the sceptic the mere offspring of chance, but to the humble believer in Providence a means wisely ordered to the working out of a special end. It is the historian's office, if actuated by just principles, to paint facts in their true colours,—to trace them to their proper sources,—to lay bare the real motives of statesmen,—to point out what emanates from true notions of justice, and what from a hollow expediency,—and endeavour to instil into the minds of those who peruse his pages an honest sense of loyalty, and a detestation of those principles which lead to anarchy and confusion. This appears to be the real philosophy of history, and any system which deviates from this standard is spurious, and detrimental in its effect upon society."

We have only to add, that Mr. Macgregor's strength appears to have failed from over-exercising, and that he died, in the same frame of mind in which he had lived, on the 24th of August, 1834, in his 59th year.

"Although his literary career did not properly begin till he was nearly forty years of age, yet from that period till his death he wrote the 'History of the French Revolution,' in twelve octavo volumes; the 'History of the County and City of Limerick,' in two octavo volumes, in conjunction with the Rev. P. Fitzgerald; 'True Stories from the History of Ireland,' in three duodecimo volumes; the 'Family Gazette,' in one quarto volume." [In this enumeration of Mr. Macgregor's works, the author of his biography has strangely forgotten the 'Picture of Dublin,' mentioned by him at page 91, as a volume which "met with a rapid sale, and became very popular." And also Mr. Macgregor's account of the wreck of the Seahorse transport, from which extracts full of the most painful interest are given at pages 63-69.] And to these may be added, Mr. Macgregor's "editorial labours for two magazines, one of which he conducted for fourteen years; together with those works he prepared for the press for the Education Society for five years. It should be rather a matter of surprise, that with all the difficulties he had to compete, considering the great sensitiveness of his disposition, and the daily occurrences which arose to depress his mind and paralyse his exertions, that he did so much, endured so long, and persevered till he completed all his engagements."

Oliver Cromwell: an Historical Romance.
Edited by Horace Smith, Esq. author of "Brambletye House." 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Colburn.

THE author of this work is of unquestionable ability, and if we differ upon some points with both author and editor, it is not on that score. We differ with the author because, although he has not used his privilege as romancer to invest his hero with more mental greatness than history sanctions, he has most assuredly availed himself of that character to portray the unfortunate Charles and his queen in the darkest tints he could either collect or imagine. And

with the editor, because in a well-written preface he states, as "a proof of the author's good judgment," that "the fictitious characters introduced are few in number, and generally kept subordinate to the historical personages." His reasons for this opinion are:—

"For the times were so stirring, the public events so startling—not to say romantic, the great drama of reality so absorbing in its interest, that the brightest creations of fancy must have 'paled their ineffectual fire' before the dazzling, though sometimes baleful and ominous, splendours of actual life."

But since history has handed us down the characters and deeds of the real personages, it is to the fictitious we are apt to look for the greatest development of the novelist's powers. From the fictitious, then, we select our extracts, remarking, that the hand which wrote the touching and beautiful passages in the first and second volumes needed not the aid of the many battles, skirmishes, and the somewhat lengthy prayings, with which the third is nearly filled. These are doubtless given to connect more closely the work before us with the real drama of the stirring times in which its scenes are laid; but, with all our love for history, we are fain to confess that the fiction here is so good we should have liked a little more of it. The following scene is vividly coloured:—

"Sir Henry Ardenne stood in the centre at the oaken table, on which a standish was displayed of massive silver, with implements for writing, and a long scroll of parchment, carefully engrossed and decked with several broad seals, to which, as it would seem, he was preparing to affix his signature. His figure, still erect and stately, was clad in a rich military suit of buff, splendidly laced with gold, booted and spurred, and girt with the long rapier of the day; his snow-white locks hung down on either cheek, uncovered, for an attendant held, in readiness for instant use, his high-crowned beaver with its drooping feather, and his sad-coloured riding-cloak. His noble features were knit firmly, with an evident expression of resolve, although a tear-drop might be seen to twinkle in his dark eye as he looked down upon his niece grovelling in the dust before him, prostrate, and clinging to his knees, with her side-hair in its dishevelled volumes, half covering her lovely form—with her hands clasped, her eyes uplifted to his face, her lips apart, but motionless, in agony of tearless supplication. A hoary-headed servant watched, at a short distance, the development of the sad scene, with every wrinkled feature telling of his affectionate concern; while a stout, stolid-looking yeoman, summoned, it might be, to attest a signature, lounged at his elbow, staring in rude indifference on the display of passions with which his boorish nature vainly sought to sympathise. A small man, meanly clad in a black buckram doublet, with an inkhorn and a penknife in lieu of weapons at his girdle, of an expression impudently sly and knavish, was the last person of the group within the manor; but without, plainly to be discovered from the casements, there was assembled a fair company of horsemen, gaily equipped in the bright fluttering garb affected by the cavaliers, with the old banner of the house of Ardenne unfurled and streaming to the wintry wind, and a groom leading to and fro the favourite charger of the head of that high name. 'No! no,' cried Sibyl, in tones that quivered with excitement till they were barely audible, resisting the slight force which the old man put forth to raise her—'No! no! I will not rise. Here,

* He also for some time contributed to the London "Record" newspaper, upon Irish affairs.

† His extreme accuracy as a corrector of the press will not soon be forgotten by those in that department who had daily opportunities of witnessing his indefatigable labours. It was a common practice for him to read the manuscript and proof-sheet alternately himself.

here at your feet will I remain, till I prevail in my entreaty! Oh, you were wont to be wise, generous, and just! Temperate in your youth, as I have heard them tell, and calm: be then yourself, my noble uncle—he then once more yourself—nor sully, by this deed of unconsidered rashness, a whole long life of wisdom and of honour.—‘It may not be,’ he answered quietly, though not without an effort, as he compelled her to arise. ‘It may not be; the time allotted to our race hath now run out! The house of Ardenne is extinct with the old miserably man who stands before you: the lands that have been subject to my name for centuries shall never know it more! The Lord gave—the Lord hath taken away—blessed be the name of the Lord! But would—oh, would to heaven, that his corpse had mouldered on some foreign battle-field—that his bones had been entombed deep in the caverns of the sea—that he had died by any death, how terrible soever—that he had dragged out any life, however wretched and intolerable! Better, far better had it been, so to have mourned for him, than to have seen him thus—a blot—a single blot—on an unblemished name! A traitor to his king—a foeman to his country—a curse to him from whom he drew his being! No! plead to me no more—for never, never shall a traitor—a fanatic and hypocritical traitor, inherit aught from me, save the high name he hath disgraced. I have—and I bless heaven that I have it—through his own act of treason, the right to sunder this entail, and sundered shall it be ere sunset! He hath no corner of my heart—no jot of mine affections—himself, he hath cut out his path, and—rue it as he may—by that path must he travel now unto the end—dishonoured—outcast—disinherited—accursed—‘Oh, no! no, no!’ she shrieked in frantic tones, drowning his utterance of a word so terrible, when coming from a parent’s lips—‘curse him not!—curse him not! or never shall you taste of peace again. Father, curse not your son—your first-born, and your only!—Sinner, curse not your fellow!—Christian, curse not a soul, whose hopes are thy hopes also!—Curse not, but pray!—Pray, not for your erring child, but for your rash and sinful self! Pray, uncle, pray for penitence and pardon!’ Affected somewhat by her words, but yet more by the fearful energy of her demeanour than by the tenour of her speech, Sir Henry paused; but not to doubt, much less to bend from his revengeful policy. ‘In so far, at the least, fair niece—in so far, at the least,’ he said, with a smile evidently forced and painful, ‘you have the right of it. ‘Tis neither Christianlike to curse, nor manly. But to this gear, good Master Sexby!’ he continued, turning to the lawyer, who had gazed with hardened coldness on the affecting scene. This deed, you tell me, is complete and firm in all the technicalities?’ ‘As strong as law can render it, Sir Henry,’ returned the mean attorney; ‘else know I nothing of mine own profession. Since Master Ardenne being last of the entail, and now declared a traitor by proclamation of his majesty at Oxford, could scarce inherit, even without this deed of settlement on Mistress Sibyl and her heirs—’ ‘Never!’ she answered in a calm low voice, the more peculiar from its contrast to the fiery vehemence she had before displayed; ‘never would I receive the smallest share—the least particular of that which is another’s. That other Edgar Ardenne, too!—though I should perish of starvation—never! And heirs—what tell ye me of heirs? Think ye that I—the affianced bride of such a man

—would deign to cast myself away on his inferior? No, no! your testament is nothing worth. Heirless will I die, or die the wife of Ardenne! What, then, avail your crafts and subtleties of law? I spurn their false and fickle toils before me, as the free hawk would rive asunder with his unfettered wing the trammels of the spider’s web!’ ‘Peace! for your fame’s sake; peace, degenerate girl!’ the old man sternly answered: ‘would you disclose to these your miserable weakness?’ ‘To these? To every dweller of the universal earth would I avow the strength—the constancy—the immortality of my legitimate and hallowed love! Affianced in my youth—by thee affianced—to one whom both my reason and my heart prefer, why should I shrink to own it? Weakness! I tell you, uncle, that I am no whit less strong—nay, ten times stronger than yourself—in faith, in loyalty, in conscience, in resolve! If I may not approve his actions—and, of a truth, I do not—I may not but revere his motives! and if those actions must half sever the strong links that join us, and render me, for very conscience sake, a widowed maiden,—his motives, pure, and sincere, and fervent as an angel’s faith, shall, at the least, forbid me to misjudge, much more to wrong him. Weakness! I tell you I adore him,—adore him even more for this his constancy to what he deems the better cause, when every fibre of his heart is tugging him to the other,—when loss of name, and fame, and fortune must be the guerdon of his unflinching and severe devotion to a mistaken creed! Yet deeply, singly as I love him, never will I wed Edgar Ardenne while he unsheaths a rebel blade, or prompts a rebel council. I tell you I adore him, yet will I die a maiden unless—’ and she paused for a space in her most eloquent appeal, as if to mark what influence it might have had upon the mind of her stern relative,—‘unless by this your madness you drive me to do that my conscience shrinks from. Suffer your broad lands to descend to him who justly heirs them, and rest assured that sooner will I die than marry with a rebel! Leave them to me—as, in the madness of your passion, you propose—leave them to me, and instantly will I make restitution to the rightful owner; if by no other means, at least by sacrifice of mine own conscience—mine own person!’ ‘Go to! you will not, Sibyl!’ exclaimed the old man vehemently. ‘I know you better than you know yourself; you would not do so, were things a thousand times more precious than these miserable lands dependent on your action!’ ‘And wherefore not?’ she cried. ‘Have I not, at the dictates of my conscience, cast from me the affections of the warmest and the highest heart that ever beat for woman? Have I not sacrificed unto my sense of loyalty—a sense, perchance, fantastic or mistaken—my every hope of happiness on earth? And wherefore shall I not obey the voice of the same counsellor, and to a sacrifice less grievous? Think you the love of justice is a less eloquent or weaker advocate than the mere love of kings? But since you may not be convinced by argument, nor won by any pleading, hear me then swear, and hear me Thou’—she added, solemnly turning upward her bright eyes, flashing with strong excitement, and dilated far beyond their wonted size—that sittest on the wings of cherubim,—Thou that hast no regard for kings, nor any trust in princes, receive my vow!’ She paused an instant as if to recollect her energies, and, as she paused, a deep voice broke the silence. ‘Swear not, my gentle cousin,’ said the slow harmonious voice, ‘and, above all, swear not for me!’”

The genuine spirit of the following is refreshing:—

“‘Fly, Sibyl!—fly, my fairy!’ cried the impatient veteran. ‘Do on your riding-gear right speedily—Ariel is champing on his bits even now, to summon you! Edgar and I meanwhile will look to our guests in the great hall. Dally not, girl, I pray you—the sun is shrouded even now, and the scent will lie most bravely—I would not, to be Prince of Wales, lose such a morning! What ho! my jovial roisters,’ he continued, in a louder tone, striding into the huge vaulted hall through one door, as his fair niece vanished at the other. ‘What ho!’ addressing the laughing group who waited his arrival. ‘Here have ye an old friend, whom some of ye perchance have not as yet forgotten.’ And with a prouder air, and more exulting smile, he introduced his gallant son, unseen for many a year, to his admiring friends. A short half-hour flitted pleasantly away in heartfelt greetings, and gay converse, of light moment, but lively, joyous, and sincere. Then every high-plumed hat was doffed, and every voice was lowered, as Sibyl Ardenne, with her attendant maidens, meekly equipped for the field, entered the hall. ‘To horse! to horse!’ was now the word; and the ladies were assisted to their velvet selles by favoured cavaliers, and the gallants vaulted to their saddles, and threw their chargers on their haunches by dint of curb and spur, and drew their forms to the most graceful attitude, as with courtly merriment and sylvan music they swept away through shadowy avenues and over shaven lawns, to the wilder coppices and more secluded glades of chase and forest. * * *

“The hunt was at its height! The noble stag—which had been harboured on the previous night in a deep swampy thicket, situate at the extreme western verge of the chase, and adjoining a wild tract of semi-cultivated moorland—disdaining to seek refuge in the recesses of the devious woodland, had broken covert gallantly, as the first crash of deep-mouthed music burst from his stanch pursuers, and clearing by a gigantic effort the rough park-pallings had taken to the open country, crossing hill and dale in a line scarce less direct than the crow’s flight, and at a pace that, ere an hour had passed, reduced the number of those who followed the now mute and panting hounds from a score or two of fearless horsemen to scarcely half-a-dozen of the boldest and best-mounted riders. The ladies of the party had long since been thrown out, scarcely indeed having cantered a half-mile along the nearest road, after the hounds had left the confines of the park; but still the foremost of the field, with all the hair-brained courage of a boy, and all the deep sagacious foresight of a veteran sportsman, rode old Sir Henry Ardenne; his manly features flushed with the excitement of his healthful exercise, and his grey hair floating on the current of air created by his own swift motion, as cap in hand he cheered the laggards of the pack with a voice that had lost nothing of its full-toned roundness. At length, in a sequestered dell clothed on each hand with a dense growth of underwood feathering its rocky and precipitous declivities, down which a sandy road wound in short toilsome curves, and watered by a bright and brawling rivulet, hard pressed and weary the brave quarry turned to bay. The deep note of the leading hound changed to a shrill and savage treble as he viewed his prey, and at the same instant the loud death-halloo rang from the exulting lips of the old baronet, as he caught and comprehended the import of that sharp yell.

Another minute brought him to the brink of a wide pool, embayed between rough cliffs of sandstone, and overlooked by a gnarled and leafless oak, on the highest branch of which a solitary raven sat unmoved by the fierce clamour, and expecting with a sullen croak its share of the after-carnage. In the farther corner of this basin, clear as the virgin crystal in its ordinary state, but turbid now and lashed to foam by the conflict of the animals, the stag had turned on his pursuers—nor had he turned in vain; for one, a brindled bloodhound, the boldest of the pack, unseamed from shoulder-blade to brisket by a thrust of the terrible brow-antler, lay underneath his stamping hoofs a lifeless carcase; while others bayed at a distance, reluctant, as it seemed, again to rush upon an enemy who had already left such painful evidences of his strength and valour on their gored and trampled limbs. Nor, though his velvet coat was clogged and blackened with the dust and sweat, and though the big tears—tokens of anguish in its expression well nigh human—rolled down his hairy cheeks, did the noble animal exhibit aught of craven terror at the approach of his inveterate pursuers; but, as the veteran advanced upon him, with the glittering wood-knife bared and ready, leaving the dogs as if beneath his notice, he dashed with a bold spring against his human persecutor, eye, hoof, and horn, in perfect concert of quick movement. The slightest tremor in the huntsman's nerves, the most trifling slip or stumble, might have well proved fatal; but, although seventy winters had shed their snows upon his head, his muscles had been indurated so by constant exercise in his beloved field-sports, that many a younger arm had failed in rivaling their powerful, though unelastic, firmness. When the despairing deer made his last effort, eluding by a rapid turn his formidable front, Sir Henry struck a full blow as he passed, completely severing the tendons of the hinder leg. Hamstrung and crippled, the gallant brute plunged headlong forward, and received in the next instant the keen point in his gullet. One short gurgling bleat, and two or three convulsive struggles of the agile limbs, the full eye glazed, and, in a moment, all the fiery energy, the bounding life that had so lately animated that beautiful form, was utterly extinct for ever. Then came the thundering shouts and the long cadences of the French-horns, their joyous notes multiplied by the ringing echoes, and sent back from every heath-clad knoll or craggy eminence, the merry narrative of harmless accidents, the self-congratulations of the select and lucky few, who from the start to the death had kept the hounds in view,—the queries for the absent,—the praises of some favourite horse or daring rider,—the stinging rally,—the honest, unfeigned laughter!

With this we conclude, promising our readers much amusement in the perusal of this pleasant and interesting work.

Narrative of the War in Affghanistan, in 1838, 1839. By Capt. Henry Havelock. 2 vols. post 8vo. London, 1840. Colburn. OUR friends and countrymen in the Indian armies are, as a body, very intelligent; and one of the consequences is, that many of them are apt to run into print when any events occur to call forth their hardly latent talents. Thus we have already had to pass in review two distinct works on the war by which Shah Soojah has been restored to Cabool, besides several preliminary publications connected with the subject as it approached the arbitrement of arms; and we

have now to bestow our pen upon Captain Havelock's account of the operations of the Bengal division in this successful war. In this, however, we necessarily find that we have a good deal of the same ground to go over; which, added to the somewhat inherent prolixity of Indian orders, despatches, and other documents and descriptions, inclines us rather to abridge than expand our notice of the present work. Captain Havelock's general views are more military and political than those of his predecessors; and at the end of every chapter he throws a retrospect over the preceding matters and marches which he has related, that fully and clearly explains the judgment he has formed upon their conception and execution. A preliminary introduction on the policy of the contest, Lord W. Bentinck's pacific government, &c. &c. contributes to the same end, and may be perused with advantage by the English at home. The writer is strongly anti-Russian throughout; but we shall neither meddle with his national opinions, nor, as far as we can avoid it, with his more particularly regimental, brigade, or division, ramifications of military acts and dispositions. We leave these to the War Office and Commander-in-chief. We stop not, therefore, for the Bengal preparations or declarations, but march (and much is done by rapidity in this way) at once to the river Gharra, meet Runjeet Singh for the last time (he died the day we entered Candahar), and thence proceed across various territories till we reach the Indus at Goth Amil, where we observe the rocky isle of Bukkur and its fort, the key to Upper Sind. Here we negotiate with Meer Roostum, and some of his brother ameer—because we cannot safely leave this "key" behind us, and must have it either temporarily given up to us by treaty, or take it by force. The place, with all these difficult arrangements to make, was not so bad for a halt.

Here a spectacle awaited the troops, which the young and enthusiastic might deem fully to repay them for all the fatigues of their precedent marches. A noble river of little less than one thousand yards in breadth, is the Indus at Goth Amil; but here, where its stream is impeded by the rocky island of Bukkur, it expands into a wide bay to embrace and pass the obstacle, the resistance of which to its waters seems only to add fury to their natural impetuosity. On either bank are here seen two large groves of date-trees, clothing for a certain distance the hills of limestone rock, which stretch out like two huge arms, the one towards Cutch Gundava, the other into the territories of Meer Roostum. These wood-crowned heights, though not lofty, present a striking contrast to the level plain around them, green only with corn and tamarisk-bushes. The town of Roree is wholly built of sunburnt bricks; but raised on limestone crags in the bend of the little gulf, it lays claim to a wild kind of beauty: whilst on the same bank a magnificent pile of rocks of the same formation, surmounted by the painted and glittering spires of a zyarat gah, and insulated, when the river is swollen, arrests the admiration of the spectator. Thence his gaze is at length withdrawn to the fort of Bukkur, and the view into the expanded reach of the Indus below it. The sandy islet on which the stronghold is built would be washed over by the river, but that from this low basis suddenly arises a singular superstructure of hard limestone, in which little masses of agate flint are thickly and deeply bedded. The isle is, in length, eight hundred yards; and, in breadth, varies from one hundred and fifty to one hundred. The whole area is covered by

the *enceinte* and buildings of the fortress, which reach down to the water's edge. This intervening land divides the river into two channels, the northern of which does not exceed ninety yards, whilst the southern branch spreads with a whirling course towards the town of Roree to the width of four hundred and fifty. The smaller arm had already been securely bridged by nineteen boats lashed together, and the engineers were labouring incessantly in connecting seventy-five more to restrain and subdue the waters of the main stream. Bukkur consists of a brick wall of about thirty feet in height, battlemented, and divided into curtains, and semicircular towers and bastions. A lower wall, *rounee* or *fausse braye*, prevents a considerable part of the base of this circumference from being seen; but the brick structure is every where mouldering into decay, and was at this time armed with only three guns, which were mounted *en barbette*. The balconied residence of the kiladar was seen over the principal gate, and high Sindian caps appearing above the parapet, assured us that Bukkur was still held in the name of the ameer. We knew, however, that his garrison was not very formidable; as it had, three days before, been increased from twelve men to two hundred only. The landscape on the Indus, as viewed from our camp, was completed on the right by the heights of Sukkur; a ruinous, but once extensive town on the right bank, in which tottering mosque, minaret, and eedgah, yet glittering with purple and gilding, tell of the faded magnificence of Mahomedan rule. But between the main island and the Roree bank have been thrown up by the stream two other islets. One of these, which is at the eastern extremity of Fort Bukkur, and bears the name of Khaju Khizzur, is covered with tombs. A relic is enshrined within the largest of them, which, if genuine, ought surely to be venerable in the eyes of the people of Islam, being no other than the beard which fringed the sacred chin of Mahomed himself. Sir Willoughby Cotton afterwards presented a handsome nuzzur to the mootwallee, or superintendent of this monument, in which act of munificence Sir Henry Fane had set him the example. On our arrival at Roree, we found Sir Alexander Burnes still busily employed in negotiating with Meer Roostum's ministers, who were encamped about three miles off their master. He was surrounded by a considerable force, and accompanied by his brother ameer. Our envoy had left Sir Willoughby Cotton's camp in the middle of January, and preceded it to Bukkur, in order to quiet the apprehensions which the Khyrpore ameer professed to feel on the subject of our establishing a bridge over the Indus. This fortress he had temporarily given up to us by treaty; but as this convention had not yet been ratified by the governor-general, he wished that we should defer acting upon it in any way until it should return with his lordship's signature attached to it. As it was important, however, that no delay should take place in establishing the bridge, and at the same time desirable to avoid any ebullition of barbarian impatience at Roree, Sir Alexander deemed it to be best to administer the sedative of his personal assurances until the despatches might arrive from Lord Auckland at Lahore. We found that he had been successful in keeping things quiet till the army came up. Sir Willoughby Cotton's camp was pitched on a plateau of sand, near the margin of the river, directly opposite to Khaju Khizzur. Here his flag was displayed, and immediately below waved on the waters of the Indus that of Sir

Henry Fane, whose flotilla of eight large boats, led by his own handsome budgerow, the *Avenel*, was moored to the bank. It was from the mound above that the most pleasing view could be obtained of Bukkur, Roree, and Sukkur, the Indus, and the adjacent groves; and hardly in the world could a spectacle more magnificent be found than the zyarat gah, and the fort and islands, and the watery vista beyond, when the sun sunk into the waves of the extensive reach of the great river. On the day after our arrival, Sir Henry gave audience in Sir Wilmoughby Cotton's tent, his own not having yet been landed, to two relatives of the ruling ameer and his prime minister. Arrangements were made at this conference for the more important visit which Meer Roostum himself had been persuaded to consent to pay to his excellency. Hopes were held out to the Sindians that intelligence would arrive from Lord Auckland's camp before this conference could take place, and that the tenour of the next news would be the complete re-establishment of the best understanding between the British and this branch of the Talpoor family. Sir A. Burnes acted as interpreter, and conducted the negotiation and ceremonial, and displayed admirable tact in the happy manner and choice of phrases, by which he contrived to inspire with confidence in his own government, and to set at their ease in the presence of foreigners and superiors at this interview, individuals at once so timid and suspicious, haughty and repulsive, as these connexions and servants of the ruler of Khyrpore. Unfeigned anxiety was felt in both camps respecting the arrival of the ratified convention.*

Sinde lies terrified into passive submission,* and the fortress given up to us: we occupied it, and marched on for our ultimate destination.

Passes, and mountains, and desert tracks, the assaults of predatory hordes hovering round, and the uncertainty of the disposition of various native tribes and rulers, are sufficient to occupy us on our route to Ghuznee (which, as you know, we take by storm); but we give you a taste of the country near Kwettah as we go along:—

"Kwettah itself stands at the northern extremity of the Dusht. The more fertile valley of Shawl, to which it belongs, is seen stretching out to the westward, having the Tukutao line of mountain for its northern boundary, whilst a far lower chain of hills defines it to the westward. They wear away gradually towards the south. Amongst their eminences is seen, with the naked eye, from Kwettah, the little kotul, or pass, which leads to the valley and town of Koochlak, and forms the direct route to Candahar. Macartney, whose accuracy we have generally had cause to admire, has erred in placing Koochlak to the eastward instead of the westward of Tukutao; and Tassin has delineated Tukutao, itself as a detached, insulated mount, whereas it is the crowning eminence of an extensive range. The former topographer, never having extended his personal researches into Beloochistan, must have trusted entirely to native reports, from which

* It was reasonable to anticipate from the ameer of Sind the bitterest hostility, since the object of the British in coming amongst them was to compel them to submit to conditions most hateful to them; viz. besides the payment of money—a demand to all most unpalatable—the admission of a foreign force within their territorial boundaries, and the establishment of military posts in their country by the British. The three principal ameer could bring into the field certainly not fewer than seven, three, and two thousand Sindians; in all twelve thousand soldiers, besides a contingent of mercenary Belooches, amounting to at least as many more—hardy, resolute, and rapacious men, whom they would be enabled to raise and embody at the shortest notice in the neighbouring territories of our ally, Mhrab Khan of Kelat."

he has certainly extracted a surprising amount of information. Tassin may be supposed to have had little to guide him here in his late useful compilation, but the map of Macartney, and such incidental notices of the country as he might have gleaned from the journal of Lieutenant Connolly. The brigades of Arnold and Sale were disposed in something like a military position on the slope at the head of the valley of Shawl, the cavalry on the right, the infantry on the left. The right of the line formed by these troops stretched out towards the chain and peaks of Tukutao, of which, however, it fell short by some miles; whilst the left rested on ground much intersected by water-courses and low walls, by which alone it was separated from the ramparts of Kwettah. The fortifications of the place were, therefore, in fact, the *appui* of this flank. The valley in front of the force is not very well cultivated, although numerous and extensive kahreeses supply it with very sufficient means of irrigation. It produces, however, only some trifling crops of wheat and barley. The camel-thorn, indeed, springs up in considerable abundance on as much of the ground as is left waste, and this in the course of another month will become nutritious. The camp overlooks the whole vale, and in advance of our line of encampment was a mound, the value of which would have been acknowledged if it had become necessary to establish an extended chain of distant outposts in the direction of Koochlak. The front and left of the position might, therefore, be deemed pretty secure, but besides that its right needed support, it was compromised and menaced in reverse by the two Kotuls, which have been described as existing in the lower range to the northward of Kwettah. The valley of Shawl and its vicinage claim to be reckoned a favoured and promising region, whether we consider its own superior elevation, the grand and striking outline of the mountains around it, its numerous and pellucid streams, the evident fertility of its soil, or the apparent salubrity of its climate. We, who have lately seen the quicksilver at 94° at noon, in Cutch Gundava, are now braced by the healthful cold of the morning, the thermometer standing at 34° a little before sunrise, and not rising beyond 64° during any part of the day in our tents. We have on this spot, too, some of the productions of Europe, to the sight of which many of us have been for a succession of years entire strangers. The poplars and fruit-trees have been already noticed, as have the tulips and irises of the dusht, which are also to be found close to Kwettah. In addition to these, our botanists have discovered a wild anemone in the plains, and the butter-cup and dandelion in the mountains. One of our sportsmen has shot a woodcock in the copse near Major Cureton's camp of observation; larks are to be seen in flocks around the town, and saluted us with their morning carols as we marched down from the pnt, and white linnets flutter about amongst the low bushes of the valley of Shawl. *Assafetida* also grows on the dusht, whilst the vale to the northward produces, besides wheat and barley, rice and the small vetch called moong (*mungo phaseolus*); but no chunna or gram. The harvest of last year had here, as nearly throughout Hindoostan, been scanty; and it seems now to be ascertained beyond dispute, that of the little grain grown in the Beloochee provinces adjacent to the capital, a large proportion had been forcibly collected, and stored up by Mhrab Khan. Despatches from Sir Alexander Burnes, at Moostoong, have already acquainted us that he had found

in that place no food either for man or beast."

We now proceed by Candahar, and, as we have intimated, capture Ghuznee; but a few incidental particulars of that brilliant affair may please you to be told, though we must reserve them for another week.

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. [Second notice.]

THE last portion of Mr. Tytler's volume consists of a statement so important in a historical point of view, that we, for the present, pass over other interesting parts for the sake of quoting it entire. It relates to the secret plot contrived by Elizabeth and her advisers to have Mary delivered over and put to death in Scotland, after Elizabeth had politically found it inconvenient, and publicly refused to sanction her trial and execution in England:—

"Fears for her own life, and terror for the result of those dark plots which she had already repeatedly detected and severely punished, perpetually haunted her imagination, and shook even her strong and masculine mind. Of these conspiracies Mary was the centre; she was engaged in a perpetual correspondence with the court of Rome; with France, whose name could not now be uttered without calling up images of horror; with Spain, where Philip and the Duke of Alva—men hated by the Protestants—had recently lent her the most effectual assistance; and, what was more alarming to Elizabeth than all, the recent trial of Norfolk, and the confessions of the Bishop of Ross, now a prisoner in the Tower, had convinced her that, as long as the Scottish queen remained in England, the minds of her Roman Catholic subjects would be kept in perpetual agitation; that no permanent tranquillity could be reasonably expected; and that, judging by the recent excesses in France, her own life might not be secure. It is impossible to blame such feelings or such conclusions. They were natural and inevitable; but, making every allowance for the fears of her council and her people, and the attachment of her great minister Burghley, we are scarcely prepared for the calmness with which the death of the Scottish queen was recommended by the House of Commons, and strongly urged by Cecil. Elizabeth, however, would not listen to their arguments, and at last peremptorily put an end to their consultations.* She had already publicly declared that there had been no sufficient evidence exhibited against Mary by those who accused her of the death of her husband; and to bring her to trial in England, or to cause her to be publicly put to death without trial, would, she felt, be equally unjust and odious. She accordingly contented herself, after the death of Norfolk, with sending Lord de la Ware, Sir R. Sadler, and Bromley, her solicitor-general, to interrogate the Scottish queen regarding her political connexion with that unfortunate man, and to remonstrate against any continuation of her intrigues. On this occasion, Mary, although plunged in grief for the recent execution of the duke, was roused by the harshness of the messengers to a spirited vindication of her rights as a free princess. Some of the allegations she admitted, some she palliated, others she peremptorily denied; and the interview led, and was probably intended to lead, to no definite result. But if Elizabeth abandoned all thoughts of bringing her royal prisoner to a public trial,

* "The English bishops, in answer to a question of Burghley's, had given it as their opinion that Elizabeth might lawfully put Mary to death, and justified their sentence by reasons of Scripture taken from the Old Testament.—See Calligula, c. li. fol. 524; and D'Ewes's Journal, p. 507; also Lingard, vol. viii. pp. 106-106."

and putting her to death in England, it was only to embrace a more dark and secret expedient, and what she judged a surer mode of getting rid of her hated and dangerous prisoner. The plot was an extraordinary one, and its details, upon which I now enter, are new to this part of our history. Previous to the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, and after the failure of the negotiations for peace in Scotland, which were conducted by the French ambassador De Croc and Sir William Drury, Elizabeth had resolved to send a new envoy to that country, with the object of watching over the English interests. When the dreadful news arrived from France, Burghley and Leicester pressed upon the English queen the necessity of instant attention to her safety on the side of Scotland, and Mr. Henry Killigrew was selected to proceed thither. He was instructed to negotiate both with Mar, the regent, and the opposite faction led by Lethington and Grange; to exhort both sides to observe the late abstinence; to give them the details of the late horrible massacre, expressing the queen's conviction that it was premeditated, and to implore them to be on their guard. Such was his public mission; but shortly before he set out, Killigrew was informed that a far greater matter was to be intrusted to his management; that it was to be conducted with the utmost secrecy, and was known to none but Elizabeth, Leicester, and Burghley. In an interview with the queen herself, to which none were admitted but these two lords, he received his instructions, which remain drawn up by Cecil in his own hand. It was explained to him that it had at last become absolutely necessary to execute the Scottish queen, and that unless the realm were delivered of her, the life of Elizabeth was no longer safe. This might, indeed, be done in England, but, for some good respects, it was thought better that she should be sent to Scotland, and delivered to the regent and his party, 'to proceed with her by way of justice.'¹ To accomplish this must depend, it was said, upon his skillful management. He must frame matters so that the offer must come from them, not from the English queen. This would probably not be difficult, for they had already many times before, under the former regents, made proposals of this nature. If such an offer were again made, he was now empowered to agree to it, but it must be upon the most solemn assurance that she should be put to death without fail, and that neither England nor Scotland should be endangered by her hereafter; for otherwise, it was added, to have her and to keep her would be of all other ways the most dangerous. If, however, he could contrive it so that the regent or Morton should secretly apply to some of the lords of the English council to have her given up, now was the best time; only, it was repeated, it must be upon absolute surety that she should receive what she deserved, and that no further peril could ever possibly occur, either by her escape or by setting her up again. To make certain of this, hostages must be required by him and those of the highest rank; that is to say, children or near kinsfolk of the regent and the Earl of Morton. Last of all, he was solemnly re-

minded that the queen's name must not appear in the transaction; and Elizabeth herself, in dismissing him, bade him remember that none but Leicester, Burghley, and himself, were privy to the great and delicate charge which was now laid upon him, adding a caution, that if it 'came forth,' or was ever known, he must answer for it. To this Killigrew replied, 'that he would keep the secret as he would his life,' and immediately set out on his journey. On entering Scotland, his first visit was to Tantallon, Morton's castle, where that nobleman was confined by sickness; but the ambassador received from him the strongest assurances of devotedness to the young king his sovereign, and to Elizabeth, whose interests he believed to be the same. Knox had returned again to Edinburgh, and the recent news of the massacre in France was producing the strongest excitement. On repairing to Stirling, to meet the regent, he passed through the capital, and encountered there his old friend Sir James Melvil, from whom he understood something of the state of the Castilians, as the queen's party were now called; and in his subsequent interview with Mar, he found him expressing himself decidedly against any intimate alliance with France, and determined, so long as he had any hope of effectual assistance from England, never to connect himself with a foreign power. So far all was favourable, but it was evident to Killigrew that, without additional forces, which he well knew Elizabeth would be unwilling to send, the regent could never make himself master of the castle. These, and similar particulars connected with his public mission; he communicated, as he had been previously instructed, to the secretary of state; but his proceedings in the other great and secret matter touching Mary, were contained in letters addressed to Cecil and Leicester jointly, and he appears to have lost no time in entering upon it. He informed them in a despatch on the 19th of September, that he had already 'dealt with a fit instrument, and expected that the regent and the Earl of Morton would soon break their minds unto him secretly.' The instrument thus selected to manage the secret and speedy execution of the unhappy Mary was Mr. Nicholas Elphinston, a dependant of the late Regent Murray, and who from an expression of Killigrew appears to have been on a former occasion employed in a similar negotiation. Matters, however, were not expedited with that rapidity which Burghley deemed necessary; and this minister, although assured by his agent that he could not for his life make more speed than he had done, determined to urge him forward. For this purpose he addressed to him a letter jointly from himself and Leicester. In reading it as it still exists in the original draft in Cecil's hand, with its erasures and corrections, it is striking to remark the contrast between its cold and measured style and the cruel purpose which it advocates. It was written from Windsor, and ran thus:— 'After our hearty commendations we two have received your several letters directed to us, whereof the last came this last night, being of the 24th of September, and as we like well the comfort you give us of the towardness in the special matter committed to you, so we do greatly long to receive from you a further motion with some earnestness, and that both moved to you and prosecuted by them of valour, as we may look for assurance to have it take effect; for when all other ways come in consideration, none appeareth more ready to be allowed here by the best, than that which you have in hand. Wherefore we earnestly re-

quire you to employ all your labours, to procure that it may be both earnestly and speedily followed there, and yet also secretly as the cause requireth; and when we think of the matter, as daily, yea hourly, we have cause to do, we see not but the same reasons that may move us to desire that it take effect, ought also to move them, and in some part the more, considering both their private sureties, their common estate, and the continuance of the religion, all which three points are in more danger from [for] them to uphold than for us. The causes thereof we doubt not, but you can enlarge to them if you see that they do not sufficiently foresee them. We suspend all our actions only upon this, and, therefore, you can do no greater service than to use speed.—Your loving friends, W. BURGHEY.'

¹ From Windsor, the 20th of Sept. 1572.

"In the interval between this letter and Killigrew's last despatch, the English envoy had not been idle. He had assured himself of Morton's cordial co-operation in the scheme for having Mary secretly executed, and according to the instructions received from his own court, he had availed himself of the deep and general horror, occasioned by the late murders in France, to excite animosity against the Papists, and to convince all ranks, that without the most determined measures of defence their lives and their religion would fall a sacrifice to the fury of their enemies. He also had seen and consulted with Knox, who, although so feeble that he could scarce stand alone, was as entire in intellect and resolute in action as ever. The picture given of this extraordinary man by Killigrew, in a letter addressed to Cecil and Leicester, written on the sixth of October, in reply to theirs of the 29th of September, is very striking.—'I trust,' said he, 'to satisfy Morton; and as for John Knox, that thing you may see by my despatch to Mr. Secretary, is done, and doing daily; the people in general, well bent to England, abhorring the fact in France, and fearing their tyranny. John Knox (he continued) is now so feeble as scarce can he stand alone, or speak to be heard of any audience, yet doth he every Sunday cause himself to be carried to a place where a certain number do hear him, and preacheth with the same vehemency and zeal that ever he did. He doth reverence your lordship much, and willed me once again to send you word that he thanked God he had obtained, at his hands, that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is truly and simply preached through Scotland, which doth so comfort him as now he desireth to be out of this miserable life. He further said, that it was not of your lordships that he was not a great bishop in England, but the effect grown in Scotland, he being an instrument, doth much more satisfy him. He desired me to make his last commendations most humbly unto your lordship, and, withal that, he prayed God to increase his strong spirit in you, saying, that there was never more need.' It was, no doubt, by Knox's advice that proclamation was made on the 3d of October, for a convention of the 'professors of the true religion' to consult upon the dangers resulting from the conspiracies of the Papists. To the sheet on which it was printed there were added certain heads or articles, said to be extracts from the secret contract between the pope, the emperor, and the kings of Spain and Portugal, for the extirpation of the Protestant faith, and Killigrew believed that all these preliminaries would prepare the mind of the people for any extremities that might be used against their unhappy sovereign. Meanwhile his tool,

¹ Dr. Robertson notices the paper in Murdin, and severely condemns this proposal of Elizabeth. This eminent writer interprets it as if the queen had desired the Scottish regent to bring Mary to a public trial, and, if condemnation followed, to execute her. It seems to me clear, however, that the words 'proceed with her by way of justice,' when taken with the context, can bear but one meaning,—the same meaning in which Leicester employs the phrase in his letter in the Appendix, that of executing her summarily and without delay.—See Dr. Lingard, vol. viii, p. 110.

the Abbot of Dumfermling, was secretly trafficking with Morton and the regent; and so far succeeded, that on the 9th of October a conference on the proposed execution of Mary was held at Dalkeith, in Morton's bed-chamber, he being still confined by sickness. None were present but the regent, Mar, and Killigrew; who immediately communicated the result to Cecil and Leicester in the following letter:—'My singular good lords,—What has passed here since my last, touching the common cause, I have written to Mr. Secretary at length. Now for the great matter ye wot of. At my being at Dalkeith with my lord regent's grace, the Earl of Morton and he had conference, and both willing to do the thing you most desire; howbeit, I could have no answer there, but that both thought it the only way and the best way to end all troubles, as it were, in both realms. They told me, notwithstanding, the matter was dangerous; and might come so to pass, as they should draw war upon their heads, and in that case, or rather to stop that peril, they would desire her majesty should enter in league defensive, comprehending therein the cause of religion also. We came (he continued) to nearer terms,—to wit, that her majesty should, for a certain time, pay the sum that her highness bestoweth for the keeping of her in England, to the preservation of this crown, and take the protection of the young king. All this I heard, and said,—If they thought it not profitable for them, and that if they meant not to will me to write earnestly as their desire, I would not move my pen for the matter; whereas the Earl of Morton raised himself in his bed, and said, that both my lord regent and he did desire it as a sovereign salve for all their sores; howbeit it could not be done without some manner of ceremony, and a kind of process, whereunto the noblemen must be called after a secret manner, and the clergy likewise, which would ask some time. Also that it would be requisite her majesty should send such a convoy with the party, that in case there were people would not like of it, they might be able to keep the field; adding farther, that if they can bring the nobility to consent, as they hope they shall, they will not keep the prisoner three hours alive, after he come into the bounds of Scotland*. But I, leaving of these devices, desired to know, indeed, what they would have me write; and it was answered, that I should know farther of my lord regent's grace here; so as, this morning, a little before dinner, going to take my leave of him, as he was going towards Stirling, he told me, touching that matter which was communed upon at Dalkeith, he found it very good, and the best remedy for all diseases, and willed me so to write unto your honours; nevertheless that it was of great weight, and, therefore, he would advise him of the form and manner how it might best be brought to pass, and that known, he would confer more at length with me in the same. Thus took I my leave of him, and find him, indeed, more cold than Morton, and yet seemed glad, and desirous to have it come to pass.' Killigrew proceeded to say, in the same letter, that some were of opinion the queen could not be executed without the meeting of parliament, which might be called suddenly, and under pretence of some other business. The reason assigned was, that the Scottish queen had only been condemned as worthy of deposition on the ground of her accession to the murder of her husband; she had not yet been judged to die. This proposition met with no encouragement from the English envoy; a

clear proof that a secret and speedy death was the object desired by Elizabeth. The proposal was, as he hinted, an excuse to delay time; and to agree to it, would have been to act contrary to his instructions. The conclusion of his letter I must give in his own words:—'Although there be that do assure me that the regent hath, after a sort, moved this matter to nine of the best of their party, to wit, that it were fit to make a humble request to the queen's majesty to have hither the cause of all their troubles, and to do, etc., who have consented to him; and that I am also borne in hand, that both he and the Earl of Morton do, by all dexterity, proceed in the furtherance thereof, yet can I not assure myself of any thing, because I see them so inconstant, so divided. * * * I am also told that the hostages have been talked of, and that they shall be delivered to our men upon the fields, and the matter despatched within four hours, so as they shall not need to tarry long in our hands; but I like not their manner of dealing, and, therefore, leave it to your wisdom to consider if you will have me continue to give ear, and advertise [if] I shall: if not, I pray your lordships let me be called hence.'

In this last sentence it is impossible not to see that the emphatic 'to do, et cetera,' the delivery of the Scottish hostages for the performance of the agreement upon the fields, and the 'despatching the matter'—that is, having the queen put to death—'within four hours,' all shew that both the regent and Morton had given their full consent to the proposal. Measures were to be taken to have the sentence pronounced (if, indeed, any ceremony of a sentence was seriously contemplated) and the execution hurried over with the utmost expedition and economy; and the only cause of delay on the part of the regent and his brother earl was the selfish wish of making the most profit of this cruel bargain. Four days after this, on the 13th of October, Killigrew sent another secret packet to Leicester and Burghley. He had again been at Dalkeith, and found not only Morton 'very hot and earnestly bent in the matter,' but 'the two ministers' equally eager in the business. From the cautious manner in which the English envoy wrote, the names of these two ministers are suppressed, and in such a case conjecture is unsatisfactory. We know that Mr. Nicholas Elphinstone, and Pitcairn, the abbot of Dumfermling, were the instruments already employed by Morton and Killigrew in this dark negotiation, and it is possible that they are here meant. Two other facts also are certain, from a letter of the English envoy; the one that Cecil had enjoined him to avail himself of the co-operation of the kirk in accomplishing the objects of his negotiation, the other that he had already consulted John Knox, who, even in 'extreme debility,' and, as he describes it, 'with one foot in the grave,' was, in mind, as active as ever. From a letter already quoted, we have seen his convictions of Mary's guilt, and wishes for her execution; he may, therefore, have been one of the ministers to whom allusion was made. But this is speculation; and, after all, it might be argued that, from the words of Killigrew, the matter he spoke of to Knox was not the execution of Mary, as the former private interview may have solely related to the best method of exciting the people against France and the Romish faction in Scotland. However this may be, the English ambassador was informed by Morton, that if Mar shewed coldness, or delayed to execute the matter, it should be done without him; and he added, that as he was lieutenant-general of the whole king

dom on this side Tay, he had power to carry it into execution. He hinted, however, that if Elizabeth hoped to gain this great object, she must be more cordial in her support, and more generous in her advances. Her refusal to assist them and her coldness had already, he said, alienated some hearts, though not his. To this Killigrew shrewdly replied, that if Morton could, at this moment, have given some good assurance that Mary should be executed, or, as he expressed it in his dark language, for the performance 'of the great matter,' that he might safely reckon on the Queen of England for the satisfying his desires: but he must recollect, that its accomplishment was the sole ground on which a defensive league between the two countries could be negotiated. Without it 'a man could promise nothing.' From the ambassador's next letter, however, any anticipated coldness or disinclination on the part of Mar appears to have entirely vanished. It was written from Stirling, and informed Burghley and Leicester that the regent, after some general observations on the subject of the peace, began to speak, 'touching the great matter, wherein,' said he, 'I found him very earnest.' 'He had sent,' he said, 'his resolute mind to the Lord Morton by the abbot, and desired him (Killigrew) to write speedily to Burghley and Leicester, that they might further the same by all possible means, as the only salve for the cure of the great sores of the commonwealth.' 'I perceive,' added Killigrew, 'that the regent's first coldness grew rather for want of skill how to compass so great a matter, than for lack of good will to execute the same. He desired me, also, to write unto your honours to be suitors unto your majesty for some relief of money towards the payment of his soldiers.' It is very striking, that in the midst of these dark practices, and when he had not only consented to Mary's death, but pressed that it should be speedy, Mar was himself struck with mortal sickness, and died at Stirling (on the 28th of October), within ten days after his interview with the English ambassador. Previous to this event, however, he and Morton had sent to Killigrew by the Abbot of Dumfermling, the conditions on which they were ready to rid Elizabeth of her rival. They stipulated that the Queen of England should take the young king their sovereign under her protection; they demanded a declaration from the English parliament, that his rights should not be prejudged by any sentence or process against his mother; they required that there should be a defensive league between England and Scotland; and that the Earls of Huntingdon, Bedford, or Essex, accompanied with two or three thousand of her majesty's men of war, should assist at the execution. These troops were afterwards to join the young king's forces in reducing the Castle of Edinburgh. This fortress, when recovered from the enemy, was to be delivered to the regent, and all arrears then due to the Scottish forces were to be paid by England. With these conditions Killigrew was grievously disappointed. He instantly, however, sent them by Captain Arrington, a confidential messenger, to Burghley, accompanied by a letter, in which he mentioned Mar's extreme danger, but gave some little hope of life. At the moment, however, when this was written at Edinburgh, the regent had expired at Stirling, and Burghley received the account of his death, and the 'articles of agreement, touching the great matter,' almost at the same instant. Although commonly of a calm and collected temper, his agitation on the

* Sic in original.

present occasion seems to have been extreme. The articles, themselves, were such as he had little expected; the price of blood demanded by the Scottish earls was unreasonably high, and he felt indignant at Killigrew that he should ever have received such proposals; but even if it had not been so, the death of Mar rendered it impossible to carry them into execution with the speed the necessity required; and he immediately wrote to Leicester, informing him of the total failure of their Scottish project, and emphatically remarking that the queen must now fall back upon her last resource for the safety of herself and her kingdom. What this was, he shrunk from stating in express words; but he knew that Leicester could supply them, and there is not the slightest doubt that he alluded to the execution of Mary in England. His letter, however, is too characteristic to be omitted. It is wholly in his own hand:—"My Lord,—This bearer came to me an hour-and-a-half [alf] after your departure. The letters which he brought me are here included. I now see the queen's majesty hath no surety but as she hath been counselled, for this way that was meant for dealing with Scotland is, you may see, neither now possible, nor was by their articles made reasonable. If her majesty will continue her delays, for providing for her own surety by just means given to her by God, she and we all shall vainly call upon God when the calamity shall fall upon us. God send her majesty strength of spirit to preserve God's cause, her own life, and the lives of millions of good subjects; all which are most manifestly in danger, and that only by her delays, and so, consequently, she shall be the cause of the overthrow of a noble crown and realm, which shall be a prey to all that can invade it. God be merciful to us." Thus was Burghley and Leicester's project for Mary's secret execution by the hands of her own subjects destroyed by the death of Mar, at the moment he had consented to it; and the scheme which these cruel and unscrupulous politicians conceived themselves to have so deeply laid, on which they pondered, as Cecil owned, "daily, and almost hourly," entirely discomfited and cast to the winds. Mary, in the meantime, was herself unconscious of the danger she had escaped; and, indeed, it is worthy of observation, that so well had the English ambassador kept his counsel, and so true were the conspirators to their secret, that after a concealment of nearly three centuries, these dark intrigues, with all their ramifications, have now, for the first time, been made a portion of our national history.* Another base transaction stains the history of this year. During Morton's exile in England the Earl of Northumberland had been his kindest friend. Northumberland himself was now a captive in Scotland, under the charge of Morton;—but instead of a return of benefits, this base and avaricious man sold his unhappy prisoner to Elizabeth, who shortly after had him executed at York."

The historical importance of the subject will justify this long extract.

* Dr. Robertson, not having access to the St. P. Off. had not seen the letters of Killigrew and Burghley, which unveil this part of Mary's history. He consequently falls into the error of stating that Mar, from his honourable feelings, instantly rejected Killigrew's proposal of bringing Mary to her trial in Scotland, pronouncing her guilty, and executing her. All subsequent historians, amongst the rest the acute and learned Lingard, have been misled by this view of the transaction. Killigrew's and Burghley's letters have at length given us the truth. No trial, it appears to me, was ever contemplated; and Mar, though at first cold in the matter, at last gave his full consent to Mary's being put to death as speedily and secretly as possible."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Directions for Using Philosophical Apparatus in Private Research and Public Exhibitions. By Edward M. Clarke, M.S.A. &c. Pp. 72. London, 1840. No. 428 Strand.

THE author is a manufacturer of mathematical, philosophical, and optical apparatus, and he states candidly that his remarks do not refer to the apparatus of other manufacturers, but that they are strictly confined to the productions of his own workshop. This, of necessity, gives to his publication a character of self-interest and an apparent egotism, which, in future numbers, it would be as well to obviate as much as possible, by suppressing in every case, where practicable, "I" and "mine." The present number treats of the gas microscope only, and is most complete; a single perusal will enable any one to prepare the gases, adjust the instrument, produce and regulate the light, and give full effect to the wonder-stirring visions of the microscopic world, animate or inanimate. The "directions," in themselves clear, are rendered still more so by numerous woodcuts, illustrating and making familiar the several parts of this rather complicate apparatus, and the ends they serve. If the future numbers be put together with the same care and ability the present evinces, and contain, as set forth, "Directions for the Use of every Article of Philosophical Research," they will form a valuable acquisition to the rising scientific inquirers. A word or two upon the several additions and improvements in the instrument the first number explains, and its adjuncts, invented and adapted by Mr. Clarke, would well conclude this notice, did we not feel satisfied that, by a reference to the work itself, they would be better understood, and their utility more fully appreciated. The second number of the series is to describe the polariscope, and the various and splendid phenomena of the polarization of light.

A New and Enlarged Edition of the "Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain and its Dependencies." By the late Rev. Roger Ruding, B.D. 3 vols. 4to. London, 1840. Hearne.

MR. HEARNE has most faithfully and honourably fulfilled every promise of his prospectus in producing this important work; and has given the public as handsome and complete a book of reference to the coinage of Britain and its dependencies as there are materials in existence to frame.

The text of Ruding has been judiciously retained in its strict integrity, but much has been added in the shape of notes throughout the whole, which have greatly augmented the intelligence of the text, and improved its value. There are also copious corrections and elucidations of many doubtful and conflicting accounts, which the editor has been enabled to bring forward since the previous editions appeared. For our readers are aware that new discoveries are being continually made, which either bring to light unknown types, or others imperfectly known, the comparisons of which satisfactorily rectify points of difficulty and clear up errors of long standing.

This edition also puts forth pre-eminent claims to our eulogy from its presenting an excellent index, whereby the numismatist may at once refer to any coin on the plates, and likewise to the description of it in the letterpress. This we consider to be a feature of prime recommendation, and a prodigious advantage, such as the work never before possessed.

Among the new plates we observe some

unique coins, and others of great rarity; and some which have never been described. These include the Hexham treasure trove of stycas; some extremely rare coins of Alfred and Edward the Confessor. One unique piece of Horthacnut (now in the possession of Colonel Durand), a noble of Henry VIII. (in the British Museum), and others of almost equal interest, enrich the collection.

To the historian and the antiquary we consider this publication to be altogether one of the foremost order; and it is but justice to its enterprising publisher to hope that the labour and expense bestowed upon it will meet their reward in a very extensive sale. We had almost omitted to specify the care with which the Oriental coins have been engraved. Their inscriptions appear to us to be perfect. But we again repeat that the same praise is due to the entire work, which is really a credit to all who have been concerned in its completion,—editors, artists, and publisher.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE preparations for the meeting are now in a considerable degree of forwardness; and, in the course of yesterday, three of the Sub-Committees met at different hours in the Exchange Rooms for the despatch of business. The Finance Committee, Mr. Leadbetter in the chair, met at twelve o'clock. From the proceedings here, we understand that 2000*l.* out of the 3000*l.*, which is the estimated amount of the expenses, have been raised,—still leaving, of course, a deficit of 1000*l.*, which will be raised by the sale of ladies' tickets, or the voluntary subscriptions of the citizens. This is applicable to the local fund, the objects of which are entirely temporary and local; and, in the present instance, to provide for the preparatory outlay,—such as the collection of a mineral museum, of which Glasgow has hitherto been destitute, notwithstanding the rich field for geological research presented by the district; the exhibition of arts and manufactures, the rent of the theatre, the fittings up, &c. &c. It is a rule that members residing more than fifteen miles from Glasgow are entitled to claim one ticket for a lady of their family accompanying them; but as it is known that a large number of them will be accompanied by all the ladies of their families, fears were expressed that the fair ones of Glasgow may be, to a considerable extent, excluded by the necessary preference thus shown to strangers. The Committee had no doubt of being able to raise the requisite sum; and they resolved that the citizens should be called on to aid by subscriptions, and the purchase of ladies' tickets, until the number of the latter which are allowed to be sold should be exhausted. At the Model Committee, of which Mr. Hussey is chairman, it was explained that 500*l.* had been granted them by the Finance Committee; and there was every reason to believe that the collection would be worthy of this great manufacturing capital. The Committee had not decided upon a large room for the exhibition; but they were in treaty, and powers were granted to a Committee to come to an arrangement immediately.—Mr. Edington was chairman in the Museum Committee, in which details were given of the advanced state of their proceedings; and the members spoke with much interest of the geological excursion to Arran, on Saturday, the 19th of September. The Directors of the Glasgow and Ayr Railway have offered accommodation on that occasion for se-

venty-two gentlemen (as great a number as the directors can accommodate without breaking faith with the public), who will be conveyed free to Ardrossan in the morning, at which place a steamer will be in waiting to take them to Arran. At the island a number of ponies, belonging to the tenantry of the Duke of Hamilton, will be in readiness to carry the members wherever the strata is interesting and the footing sure; others will sail round the shore in the steamer, and a third party, mayhap, may be pleased to ascend the summit of the lofty Goatfell. The party will be entertained to breakfast and dinner by the princely hospitality of his Grace, and all will have the opportunity of returning to Glasgow in the evening. The arrangements for the accommodation and convenience of the strangers are, we understand, of a very complete kind. On Friday and Monday evenings there will be promenades in the Royal Exchange Rooms. On Tuesday, the Association Dinner will be held in the Theatre Royal. It is presumed that it will dine fully 1000; and the ladies will be admitted to the boxes. We believe there will be an ample supply of venison from the moors and parks of Breadalbane. The concluding general meeting will take place on Wednesday evening. Such are a few of the arrangements which have been made for an occasion on which Glasgow will receive a greater number of distinguished strangers than have ever been within her bounds. The following are amongst the foreigners who have accepted the invitations of the Association:—The American Ambassador; Professor Quetelet, of Brussels; Professor Lamont, Royal Observatory, Munich; Dr. Mohr, Professor of Natural Philosophy, Coblenz; Dr. Etting of Giessen; Professor G. R. Bunsen, University of Marburg, Dr. Kurschner, University of Marburg; Professor Schubart, of Berlin; Mons. Lecanu, Professor of Practical Pharmacy, Paris; M. Elie de Beaumont, Paris; and probably M. le Duc de Decazes. The French Ambassador has also expressed his wish to be present, if public business will permit. Almost all the public buildings, &c. of Glasgow will be open to the inspection of the members, and various private establishments, which may well repay a visit. We understand, too, that the Duke of Hamilton, the Marquess of Breadalbane, and the Earl of Eglinton, will grant permission to all the gentlemen who may wish to see their grounds and policies. The Duke and the noble Marquess have been at much pains of late in collecting mineral specimens for the exhibitions from all that is rare, interesting, and valuable in their respective districts; and part of these have already been received by the Secretary.—*Glasgow Herald, August 28.*

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 10. Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Various communications were read.—1. A notice, by the Rev. D. Williams, of an intrusive mass of trap in the mountain limestone at the western extremity of Bleadon Hill, and laid open by the excavations for the Bristol and Exeter Railway. This is the first discovery of trap in the line of the Mendip Hills; and the only igneous rock hitherto detected in Somersetshire, with the exception of the syenite of Hestercombe, north of Taunton, described by Mr. Horner; and a slaty porphyry, observed by Mr. Williams, a little north of Simmons-birth, in Exmoor.—2. 'A Memoir, descriptive of a Series of Coloured Sections of the Cuttings on the Birmingham and Gloucester Railway,' by Mr. H. E. Strickland. The author commences by regretting that geologists have not

availed themselves more extensively of the opportunities afforded during the progress of the different railways, and by dwelling on the advantages which would have accrued, had a geologist been permanently attached to each line. He then states that his memoir originated in a request by Captain Moorsom to undertake an examination of the Birmingham and Gloucester railway; and he expresses his great obligations to that gentleman, and to Captain J. Vetch, for the valuable assistance which they afforded him. This line was also surveyed during the first operations, and before the cuttings were commenced, by Mr. F. Burr; and the report which was made by him to the Society is very favourably noticed by Mr. Strickland. The formations intersected by the railway are the new red sandstone with the red marl, lias, and superficial deposits, and the fullest details are given, both of their composition, and attendant phenomena. The new red sandstone and marl afforded no additional features deserving of particular notice. The junction beds of the red marl and lias are well displayed at Dunhamstead, and consist in descending order of lias clay, with contorted beds of lias limestone, white micaceous sandstone, two feet; lias clay, six feet; grey marl, thirty-five feet; red marl. A similar section is exposed at Horton. The fossils of the lowest beds of the lias are stated to differ essentially from those which occur in a higher series of strata at Bredon, and those again to be distinct from the fossils in the neighbourhood of Cheltenham. At Hewletts, east of the town, the lias near the base of the marlstone presents another series of peculiar fossils; so that, adds Mr. Strickland, in the lower lias there are at least four well-marked successions of molluscan animals ranging through a vertical height of 400 or 500 feet, and unaccompanied by any change in the mineral character of the deposit. The superficial accumulations or detritus received a very minute examination, and the author states that the cuttings have fully confirmed his previous views respecting the origin of these deposits. He divides them into fluvatile and marine; and the latter, according to its origin, into local and erratic: and the last again, according to its composition into gravel, with flints and without flints, the latter being destitute of mammalian remains. The marine erratic gravel without flints occurs extensively around Birmingham; at Mosely, on the line of the railway, it is upwards of eighty feet thick: the ridge of the Lickey is covered with considerable accumulations of it; and at Sugar's Brook, as well as to the east of Abbot's Wood, are other beds of this gravel. The marine erratic gravel with flints commences where the railway crosses the Avon, abounding in the neighbourhood of Bredon. It is stated to be without mammalian remains. The fluvatile gravel occurs only on the two flanks of the Avon at Delford and Eckington; it abounds with mammalian remains; and is overlaid by ten feet of gravel, precisely similar to the marine erratic gravel of Bredon. The most abundant shells found in this deposit are *Cyclas amnica*, and *C. cornua*; and the bones are referable to *Elephas primigenius*, *Hippopotamus major*, *Bos urus*, and *Cervus giganteus*? also *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*. In endeavouring to account for the presence of bones and freshwater shells at this locality only, Mr. Strickland repeats his former explanation; namely, that after the beds of marine gravel had been deposited and been laid dry by the elevation of the land, a large river or chain of lakes extended down the valley of the Avon; and that

the marine gravel having been remodified by the fluvatile current, was mixed up with remains of mammalia and mollusca, which tenanted its banks or its waters. Local gravel occurs abundantly at Cheltenham, and is composed of lias and oolitic detritus. No terrestrial remains have been noticed in it; and it is, therefore, referred by Mr. Strickland to a marine origin. *Modern Alluvia*.—The only deposits belonging to this class on the line of the railway are the peaty accumulations on the banks of the Avon and its tributaries. The memoir was accompanied by a copy of the engineer's sections, coloured geologically by the author; who, in conclusion, expresses a hope that the time is not far distant when the Society may possess a set of coloured sections of every railway in the kingdom.—3. A letter addressed to Mr. Murchison, by Captain Lloyd, 'On the Occurrence of Coral Rocks in the Mauritius, at a considerable Distance from the Shore, and at Heights varying from Ten to Twenty-five Feet.' The Mauritius is belted by an enormous coral reef throughout its whole circumference, except for about ten miles along the extreme southern side, where the coast is bold, and consists of basalt. Two of the masses of coral rock described by Captain Lloyd are situated in the valley of Petite Savanne, and form remarkable points, or headlands, from twenty to twenty-five feet above the present level of the sea; and they present the same marks of abrasion as the existing barrier reef. The observatory, Port Louis, is built also on a stratum of very hard coral rock, ten feet above the level of the sea. There are, besides, in several parts of the island enormous blocks of coral surrounded by the debris of oysters, and other shells and corals. Appended to the letter are communications from Mr. Hill and Mr. Sherlock, agents employed by Captain Lloyd, containing measurements of blocks near Souillac and on the Black River.—4. 'A Notice on the Mineral Veins of the Sierra Almagrera, in the Province of Almeria, Spain,' by Mr. Lambert. The *Sierra Almagrera* is exclusively composed of clay slate. The first-discovered vein, the *Barranco jasoso*, is rich, and has been excavated more than 200 yards in length, in a direction of north to south, between one and one and a half hours of the compass, the inclination being from 65° to 70° east. It commenced with half a yard at the surface, and has increased to three yards, at a depth of forty yards. Its mineral contents are arranged in parallel divisions, and consist of different varieties of galena, carbonate of lead, argillaceous iron ore, carbonate of iron, carbonate of copper, sulphate of barytes, and gypsum. Old workings, supposed to have been conducted by the Romans, occur in great numbers, principally at the mouths of the ravines. Upon the edges of the sierra reposes a tertiary formation, forming the bed of the river Almanzora; and extending to the Sierras Cabrera, Alhamilla, and Filabres. The upper portion consists of an arenaceous conglomerate alternating with marls, gypseous clays, and sand, and contains numerous organic remains. The formation is stated to have been greatly disturbed by trap-rocks.

[To be concluded in our next.]

CURE OF SQUINTING.

A PAMPHLET of sixteen pages, by C. W. G. Guthrie, jun. (apparently a worthy scion of the parent stock), is upon our table, and presents his Report to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital on the cure of squinting, by "the division of one of the straight muscles of the

eye," &c. &c. This operation, so recently introduced amongst us, and most successfully practised, was, it appears, proposed by Dr. Stromeier of Hanover, but first carried into effect by Dr. Dieffenbach of Berlin, in January last. It was brought to England in April, but has since been so much improved upon with finer instruments, that it is readily performed in two minutes with precision and safety: with a small curved knife it can be accomplished in a few seconds. Mr. Guthrie very clearly describes the operation, and, by means of three simple representations of the eye, shews how it is accomplished. He also states nearly forty cases which have been submitted to it, where the deformity has been utterly extirpated without the slightest ill consequence. The whole is highly honourable to the young surgeon's talents.

FORMATION OF MOUNTAINS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late rapid progress of geology, it still remains a problem whether the mountains of the earth have been formed by volcanic forces, such as exist at the present time, or by the agency of a central fire.

The majority of modern geologists, with Monsieur Cordier at their head, have adopted the latter opinion, because the temperature of the earth has been found to increase in some proportion as we descend below the surface, that in deep mines the water issuing from the surrounding strata is from 20° to 30° warmer than that of superficial springs. From such data it has been inferred that the temperature of the earth augments about 1° for every 45° degrees of descent, making 212° at the depth of two miles, and increasing in the same ratio to the centre, where every thing is in a state of fusion and incandescence; and that all mountains have been upheaved by the expansive force of this immense furnace.

But with due deference to the high authorities in support of this hypothesis, I shall venture to offer a few brief observations with a view of shewing its insufficiency to explain the more important phenomena of geology.

In the first place, if the mountains of the globe were elevated by the agency of a central fire, they ought to be much higher than they are.

Secondly. All the loftiest mountains of our planet are confined to the tropical regions, and diminish in magnitude on to the polar circles, where their average height is from four to five times less than in equatorial India, Africa, and South America, as may be shewn by an appeal to the best recent works on physical geography. But if the vast chains that girdle our planet were upraised by a central fire, it is impossible to comprehend why the polar mountains should not be as high as those of the tropics, for the former are actually nearer the centre of the earth.

Thirdly. It has been supposed by geologists that the earth originally existed in a state of red-hot fusion throughout, and has been cooling down ever since, because the fossil organic remains of the older sedimentary formations, in the northern hemisphere, indicate a much higher mean temperature than exists at present. To this hypothesis it may be answered, that a gradual change in the inclination of the earth during long geological epochs would explain the phenomena in a more satisfactory manner; and even admitting that we have no actual proof of such a change, the predominance of land in the tropical, and of water in the polar regions, would so far modify the physiological conditions of the globe as to permit the

existence of plants and animals in high latitudes, the representations of which are now found only in the torrid zone, as mentioned by Mr. Lyell. Besides, it is admitted by Fourier, that if the earth had been projected into a medium 58° below zero, at any given temperature, it would not cool more in 1,800,000 years than a globe of one foot in diameter, composed of the same materials, and placed in like circumstances, would in a second of time.

Fourthly. That the volcanic action by which mountains are elevated, is generated by chemical actions at no great depths beneath the surface, would appear from the well-known fact, that all the volcanoes now in existence are found to be submarine, or situated in the vicinity of the ocean, and abound with marine salts, which clearly shews that the presence of sea-water is essential to their activity; and if so, it is evident that they cannot be owing to central fire.

It is also worthy of notice, that volcanoes are far more numerous and active in the tropical, than middle and higher latitudes. From which we are authorised to conclude, that the subterranean action by which they are generated, like all the chemical and vital transformations on the surface of the globe, are governed by temperature.

The vast importance of mountains in the economy of Nature, would appear from a variety of considerations; they are not only the source of rivers, but of the precious metals and gems, which are forced up from the inferior portions of the earth to its surface, and placed within the reach of man.

What can be more grand and impressive than the immense chains of granite and porphyry that extend for hundreds and thousands of miles in length, while they modify the direction of winds, the temperature of climates, and seem to be the boundaries of nations? Were it not for mountains the sea would everywhere prevail, causing a gloomy waste of land and water. There could be no rivers or springs, nor any of that beautiful variety of hill and dale that now adorn the earth's surface, and render it the delightful abode of sentient beings. As the composition of organised beings is renewed by their absorption into the general circulation, so is the surface of the earth perpetually renovated by the disintegration of mountains, which are gradually worn away by the action of running waters, and transported to valleys, lakes, and seas—forming new lands:—"Old things pass away, and all things become new." The air, the ocean, and the earth, are for ever in motion, under the government of wise and beneficent laws, which pervade the whole system of nature, in a state of undecaying vigour and youthful beauty.

EDWARD BENTLEY.

PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Sept. 1, 1840.

SITTING of August 24.—Several geological reports of minor interest were presented to the Academy; the most important of which was an account of the present state of the boring for the Artesian well in the abattoir of Grenelle (Paris). The present depth attained is 500 metres, or 1640 feet 5 inches; and the last thermometrical observation made at the bottom of the bore gave 26 degrees of the centigrade scale.

Report on the Voyage of the *Venus Frigate* in the South Seas, under Capt. Dupetit Thouars.—M. Arago, in the name of a committee named to this effect, read a very long report on the principal scientific results attained by this ex-

peditionary voyage, which terminated a year ago. At several important points, the longitude had been carefully verified by distances of the moon from the sun. Thus at Monterey, the mean result of the observations exceeded the longitude assigned in the "Connaissance des Temps" by 2.5' in time. At Acapulco, the observations gave a diminution of 12.5'; at Valparaiso, 27.5'; at Kororareka, in New Zealand, 18.7". The advantage of this method of distances was strongly pointed out, and contrasted with the defective results of the chronometers taken out by the expedition. Out of the six which the *Venus* possessed, No. 75, by Berthoud, was unfit for use by the time the vessel had left Callao for Honorourou; No. 9, by Breguet, stopped on June 12, 1837; No. 76, by Berthoud, which at the time of departure lost 5' per diem, when at Callao gained .8", at Honorourou, 3.4", at Valparaiso, 5", and at Port Jackson, 7.2". Nos. 175 and 186, by Mottel, varied still more. Several interesting observations were made on the temperature, force, &c. of the streams of cold water from the Antarctic regions setting along the west coast of South America. On 15th July, 1838, an observation under the equator, and in long. 94° W. of Paris, gave 23 degrees of the centigrade scale for the temperature of the sea; whereas, without the presence of the stream, it would have been four degrees higher. On the 16th and 17th of the same month the observations gave 22° 4' and 22° 8'; the last being in 1° 30' south latitude. On the 16th April, 1837, to the S.E. of Chiloe, the sounding-line, with the thermometer attached, attained 1100 fathoms without bottom, and appeared perfectly vertical. Hence it followed, that the depth of the stream, since the vessel was moving northwards with the velocity of the stream, was at least 1100 fathoms; but it was believed, by other experiments, to have an average depth of 1780 metres. Two series of observations, made in the full current of the stream, gave the following thermometrical results:—At the surface of the sea, S.W. of Chiloe, +13°; at 500 fathoms, +4° 1'; at 1100 fathoms (no bottom), +2° 3'. Off Pisco, S. of Lima, at surface, +19° 1'; at 130 fathoms, +13° 1'. There was reason to believe that the *Venus* had traversed a hot stream to the S.E. of Van Diemen's Land, since the observations made between 6th and 9th January, 1839, had shewn great increases of temperature. Numerous observations had been made to determine the general temperature of the ocean, independent of any currents. The depths at which the experiments with thermometers had been made varied from 30 to 1150 fathoms. Beyond this last depth the pressure had been so great as to break all the instruments which had attained it. It was shewn that, at 1000 fathoms, the thermometer indicated only 3° or 2.5° of the centigrade scale, while the heat at the surface was 26° to 27°. The operations for ascertaining the depth of the ocean, which are exceedingly laborious, had been made at various spots. The greatest depth attained was at 140 leagues south of Cape Horn, where 2500 fathoms, or 4000 metres, of line ran out without touching the bottom. Another observation, at 23 leagues south of Bunker Island, gave 3790 metres without a bottom. Numerous observations on terrestrial magnetism had led to the inference that the dip of the needle was not affected by earthquakes. The observations made on the height of waves south of Cape Horn, where they are supposed to be the highest, shewed that they were never more than 7 metres, or 21 feet.

Currents of the Ocean.—A bottle was picked

up on March 16, 1840, in a creek of Petit Cayenne, which contained a paper stating that it had been thrown overboard from the bark Duchess of Kent, Capt. Newby, on July 8, 1838, in 0° 10' N. lat. and 31° 45' long. W. of Greenwich (chronometrical reckoning), on a voyage from Sidney to London. The paper bore the signatures of the captain and of D. Allan, passenger. The ship had left Sidney on 8th April, 1838, and had gone round by Cape Horn.

Sciarada.

Sul primo ogni ente
Si sta vivente:
Se morto, osservalo
Fra il primo stà.
Finisce il mondo
Se il mio secondo
Soltanto un attimo
S'arresta.

Che sia l'intero
Tremendo, e fiero,
Sebben lo sentano
Nessun lo sà.

Answer to the last:—Filo-mela.

FINE ARTS.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

THE continuation of the Nelson Column is now in abeyance; and we earnestly hope that our efforts may have had the effect of stopping altogether the consummation of this monstrous blunder. If all our arguments had failed, we should now simply appeal to the judgment of every person in London who have eyes in their heads; for, in consequence of the progress made in raising the Square foundations of the Column, they have all the means of forming a correct opinion for themselves. Let them go to the centre of the portico of the National Gallery and look upon the site, and if vexation at the committal of such an act of national shame does not prevent them, they must laugh at the grossness of the absurdity. The Pillar would stand on the right of the vista down to Whitehall, cutting off the view of a building from which no one would like to be cut off, viz. Messrs. Drummond's banking-house; and leaving a glimpse of King Charles's statue over the left shoulder of the pedestal, with the fine street, down to Parliament Street, all askew and on one side. It is impossible to conceive any thing more ludicrous; and glad we were, yesterday, to see that the work was not going on. Better sacrifice all the bricks and mortar which Mr. Secretary Scott hurried to the spot, so as to defeat the Parliamentary Committee, than persevere in so inexcusable an outrage upon taste and propriety. There is the centre of Greenwich Hospital, which courts such a monument; the fittest place in the kingdom, both from position and association with the surrounding objects. In Heaven's name, do not let the country be disgraced in this manner for a few paltry pounds; but at once determine on leaving the Square to Mr. Barry's operations, and the half-dozen of labourers who are pottering about to reconcile this stubborn piece of ground, shapeless and level-less, to some order of ornament and beauty. But away with these foundations for the pillar—even without it, and as yet only six or eight feet in height, they are absolute deformity.

PHOTOGENIC ETCHING.

PROFESSOR BERRES, of Vienna (whose experiments in this art we lately recorded), in a very recent letter, says:—

"Ever since the discovery of the representation of objects on iodined silvered plates, I felt a constant desire to render durable these representations, so delicately portrayed by nature, and to endeavour to discover some method by

which they might be rendered available for printing from, and by this means be multiplied to any extent. I at last struck out a plan which brought me very near the desired end. I began my experiments without any previous knowledge of the art of etching, and without any experience whatever in the use of the acids necessary for the fixing of the daguerrotypes, which rendered my undertaking certainly much more difficult, but at the same time more original.

"During my experiments I learned, by a paper communicated to the 'St. Petersburg Gazette' by M. Hammel, that M. Donné, in Paris, was also occupied with the same object, viz. that of endeavouring to etch the heliographic pictures; and that he had laid the proof sheets of a plate, from which he had taken twenty impressions, before the Institute at Paris and the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg. From the same journal I also learned that M. Daguerre had loudly expressed his displeasure upon the subject; and that he had declared, at a meeting of the Institute, the utter impossibility of ever attaining any perfection in etching, and, consequently, in multiplying, his pictures.

"Although this opinion, from a man of so much experience in heliography, was not encouraging, nevertheless it did not depress me, but excited my zeal and determination to use my utmost energy in endeavouring to obtain a perfect etching.

"Very shortly after this, on the 5th April last, I completed my first picture, which was the representation of a section of a plant, which I had obtained by means of the hydro-oxygen gas microscope. On the 11th April I succeeded in representing a female figure, taken by the same means from an engraving. And the following day I etched another upon plated copper, representing the engraving of 'The Smuggler,' and where I had the pleasure of seeing the features of a man particularly sharply etched. The experience I had already acquired now taught me that the plated copper-plates, such as are used for the daguerrotypes, were not fitted for producing perfect etchings, and, on account of the different properties of the silver and copper, would completely spoil the pictures. On this account I began to use silver plates (chemically pure). The success of my method was now much more complete; and I succeeded in producing a number of good, but still weak engravings. In the meantime the success of my undertaking was so certain, that I laid it before the scientific public, through the medium of the 'Vienna Gazette,' on the 18th April last.

"On the 30th April I at last succeeded in producing a good heliographic etching of Stüber's engraving of the 'Girl with the Butterfly.' And upon the same day, at the meeting of the Imperial Society of Physicians in Vienna, I communicated my method without the slightest reserve; and, according to my desire, it was published in almost all the leading literary publications in Europe.

"It was only at the latter end of May we were informed that M. Donné had sent a sealed packet to the Institute in Paris, containing his secret of etching from the daguerrotypic plates, but accompanied by the condition that the packet should not be opened until the French government had informed him what remuneration he was to receive for his discovery; so that the public is still in ignorance as to the degree of perfection which M. Donné has reached in his invention.

* See No. of *Literary Gazette* of 23d May past.

"Since the publication of my discovery, I have prepared many pictures, and always with increasing success. Amongst them are different views of the city of Vienna.

"The last deeply etched specimen, which represents the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, and several hundreds of which have been struck off, I venture to lay before the public,* as the point of perfection to which I have at present carried the process.

"The advantages of the path which I have now opened to the art of engraving are incalculable:—

"1. Every outward object can by a clear light be correctly represented and etched. Thus all views of towns, landscapes, military encampments, &c. can be taken, etched, and printed without delay.

"2. By the assistance of the hydro-oxygen microscope, every object too minute for the human eye can be magnified, etched, and multiplied to any extent desirable.

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"4. The same also holds good with respect to maps and charts of every description, handwriting, and printing; also old copperplates and typographical works can be copied and multiplied without injuring the original in the slightest degree.

"5. Also oil-paintings, portraits of living persons, and representations of the manifold objects appertaining to natural history, can be taken, etched, and printed from to any extent, and their utility thus increased. There can be no question but that through my discovery alone has daguerrotypy obtained the stamp of utility. Nevertheless, this new plant, which promises to produce such valuable fruit, has scarcely passed the tender age of childhood, and still requires the most nurturing protection. In order to bring it to perfection quickly, according to my ideas, the following points are requisite:—

"1. A government, or some scientific individual possessing knowledge, enterprise, and pecuniary means, should undertake the carrying forward of this method of etching engravings.

"2. The preparation of the silver plates must be watched with the greatest care and knowledge of the business, only to be gained by experience. It is indispensable that the plates should be of the most pure chemical silver, firm and close, so that there shall be no impediment to the etching power, and that the surface of the plate shall be brought to the highest possible degree of polish of which silver may be capable.

"3. The improvement of the camera, in relation to power of extension on all sides, and great brightness, that moving objects may be quickly caught and fixed with the necessary degree of accuracy.

"4. The heliographs must be sharp, and cleansed as much as possible from iodine.

"5. An improved and remarkably fine printing ink.

"6. A peculiar description of printing-press. As the whole process of my discovery is purely chemical, and when the pictures are examined through a microscope they will return the objects, it is necessary that a new, soft, but powerful printing-press, should be invented, which

* Copies of nearly all the engravings hitherto made are in the possession of my friend, Dr. R. H. Mackenzie, of London, who will be kind enough to shew and explain the process of engraving to any scientific individuals interested in the art.

shall act on all sides with equal power, and impart to the paper sufficient of the printing-ink, which must be laid on with the greatest care.

"As none of these points present much difficulty, and as we live in an enterprising and richly gifted age, I look forward to see my hopes and wishes realised.

"I, as a practising physician, as professor in the university, and author, can only in future give short glances to my offspring; and must also, for pecuniary reasons, recommend and leave it to the care of those who have the enterprise, capital, and time to attend to it.

"My printed heliographic pictures have a singular character. The resemblance to the daguerrotype is extreme; and, like them, they have no inward shadow, although much gradation of shade. The principal difference between these pictures and those engraved by the hand of man is the great correctness in the drawing, and the proportion and relative size of the objects, and that most important of requisites, perspective. They are drawn by a process of nature which knows no trouble, and finds no task too intricate or too extensive for her capabilities—that can enter into the most minute details, and can reflect them truly, and according to fixed laws.

"The most accurate engravings, performed by the most skilful engraver, appear poor when minutely examined, and at last leave us dissatisfied; while those produced by this new science continually afford new objects of admiration to our most severe tests with the magnifying glass, through which its usefulness and beauty increases by our examination.

"Dr. JOSEPH BERRES,
Professor of Anatomy in the University
of Vienna."

"Vienna, 3d August, 1840."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Edward Denison, D.D. Lord Bishop of Salisbury. Painted by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; Engraved by G. R. Ward.

THIS is a fine and dignified whole-length portrait of the Bishop of Salisbury, painted for Merton College, Oxford, in Mr. Pickersgill's most successful manner. The engraver, Mr. Ward, has entered fully into the character of the original, and executed his task with equal fidelity and effect. It is, altogether, an excellent specimen of art.

Picturesque Sketches in Scotland; being Views of its more remarkable Ancient and Modern Edifices, Lake and Mountain Scenery, &c. &c. Edinburgh, Menzies; London, Tilt and Bogue.

PART I. containing a view of Princes Street and drawings of Dryburgh and Melrose Abbeys, introduces us to this pleasant work. They are very prettily executed in tinted lithography by Mr. Nichol of Edinburgh, and the first rendered interesting by the introduction of the Scott Monument, the foundation-stone of which was laid the other day. The spots are thus all intimately connected with his honoured name—Melrose, which he so nobly sung; and Dryburgh, where his mortal remains are laid. We look forward for the ensuing numbers with the anticipation of being much gratified by them, as forming a national work.

Heath's Waverley Gallery. Part VI.
Tilt and Bogue.

EDITH BELLENDEN and Jenny Dennison, from "Old Mortality," and Rowena, from "Ivanhoe," are the portraits of this part, and

are fair specimens of the Gallery. The first does not agree with the story in the quoted text, being without an attendant to lean upon.

Alfred Bunn, Esq. On Stone, by Lane Mitchell.

BULLY and ruffianish; but, strange to say, not very like.

BIOGRAPHY.

Tragical Death of Mr. Simpson, one of the Discoverers of the North-west Passage.—Our readers are familiar with the history of the recent solution of this interesting geographical problem, by the enterprise and boldness of Messrs. Simpson and Dease, two gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company, of which the account was given in the *Literary Gazette*. It now appears from late American journals, that a sad catastrophe has terminated the life and labours of Mr. Simpson. From the accounts we learn that, having separated from his companion, with the view of proceeding to England (where he would have found himself appointed to another exploratory journey, agreeably to his dearest wishes), Mr. Simpson, accompanied by Mr. Bird, Mr. Legros, and twenty or thirty of the colonists, struck off for St. Peter's, to push on for New York by the Lakes; whilst Mr. Dease, with another party, set out for Canada. About the 20th of June, Mr. Simpson's expedition encamped on Turtle River for the night, when, in a moment of frenzy, that gentleman turned round, and first shot Mr. Bird through the heart, and instantly after mortally wounded Mr. Legros by a shot from his second barrel. It seems, from some conversation with the dying man, that Mr. Simpson accused the parties of a design to assassinate him—a pregnant proof of insanity in himself; but be that as it might, his associates (including a son of Legros) fled from him, and on their return next day to capture him, the unhappy man committed suicide by blowing his head to pieces at the door of his tent. He is stated to have been about twenty-eight years of age, a Scotsman, and native of Dingwall, nephew of the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, of the most amiable character, and highly esteemed.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden, again under the auspices of Madame Vestris, has summoned its forces together, and announced the opening of the season for next Monday. From the list of the company which is published we observe that it is much the same as last year, and consists of a strong comic corps, with a very fair musical one. We may therefore expect the performances to be pretty much of the same kind.

Haymarket.—On Monday Mr. Wallack, after an absence of six years, made his appearance in the character of *Don Felix in The Wonder*. He was much applauded throughout, and played to the evident satisfaction of the audience, who called him before the curtain at the end of the play. We are rejoiced to see so valuable an addition restored to our stage; and there are a multitude of characters in which we should in vain look for his equal. The female parts were sustained by Miss Helen Faucit, as *Violante*: this is not in her style, and we never saw her to less advantage,—her *Violante*, like her *Rosalind*, wants nature and buoyancy; by Miss Travers, as *Donna Isabella*, who did little more than repeat her rôle; by Miss Charles, as *Flora*, who played archly and cleverly; and by Miss Matley, as *Inez*. Where

was Mrs. F. Matthews? Mr. J. Webster, as *Colonel Breton*, looked and played well; Mr. O. Smith, as *Gibby*, made the audience roar whenever he spoke, in a lingo of the most *bizarre* description; and Mr. Webster, as *Lissardo*, was full of quiet humour. The other parts were very fairly supported by Messrs. Strickland, Gough, Howe, &c. &c. On the same evening Mrs. Stirling, in one of her old and well-known characters, *Angeline*, made her courtesy, and a very graceful one it is. The smiles and tears of her hearers gave flattering evidence of her charming acting.

English Opera.—On Thursday two new ladies made their *début* here: a Miss Darcus, from York, lively enough in *Nina*, in the *Irishman's Fortune*; and Miss Lacy, from Bristol, an extremely pretty girl, who played *Clari*, in the *Maid of Milan*, acting with considerable success and promising more, though her singing, probably from nervousness, was not very effective.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"Tiefere bedenkend
Liegt in dem Märchen meiner Kinderjahre
Ais in der Wahrheit die das Leben lehrt."

SCHILLER: *Die Piccolomini.*

"In the background is a boy riding on a tiger, which is the moral of the piece."—*Shawman of David to the Lion's Den.*

STRANOR were the tales of fays and men

That used to charm my ear;

With simple mind I listen'd then,

In boyish hope and fear:

Now, wiser grown, I see the truth

Each fable strives to paint to youth.

The maiden with the scarlet hood,

The wolf's unthinking prey,

Shows that to grandmothers we should

But small attention pay,

And shun, as far as in us lies,

Old women with great teeth and eyes.

The damsel who was raised from soot

And cinders to a throne,

Proves clearly that a pretty foot

Ought always to be shewn;

A crown would ne'er have deck'd her brow,

Had dresses then been long as now.

The dog who laugh'd, when deem'd a corse,

In Mrs. Hubbard's face,

Through all his life display'd the force

Of acting and grimace:

A companion to an old ladye

A hypocrite should always be.

When Horner, with complacent speech,

The plum pick'd from the pie

The spot he chose was meant to teach

Where one can best be sly:

A corner is the place most meet

For more than one forbidden sweet.

But small was the Giganticide,

Yet slew he Cormoran,

And consolation thus supplied

To every little man:

Hence men of five feet nought, like John,

Such very fierce looks all put on.

The diamonds and pearls that fell

From the good virgin's lips,

Were types of each small syllable

That from a wise man slips:

How precious, then, these words of mine!

Be thankful, reader, they are thine! R. H. G.

THE GLADIATOR.

He stood in the arena, sword in hand,
To slay a brother, or himself be slain.
His foot was firm, though, as he trod, the sand
Bore evidence of where the dead had lain,
By the dull oozing of a crimson stain.
He gazed around him: and his free lip curl'd
With the nobility of his disdain.
To see the Roman conquerors of the world
Twice triumph o'er a foe whose banners they had fur'd.
Tier above tier, in majesty of state,
Sat prince, and peer, and page, and lady fair,
And scar-seam'd heroes grown effeminate:
Philosopher, and gallant debonnaire,
Artist, and artisan; all Rome was there,
In loftiest pride of boastful bravery,
Eager, as with one interest, to share
The gladiator's dying agony—
All these the Dacian saw: all these he smiled to see.

"A deeper import
Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
Than lies upon that truth we live to learn."
COLERIDGE: *Translation of the same.*

The trumpet calls him to himself: that sound,
When last he heard it, summon'd to the field
Of battle; then he stood on Dacian ground;
Arm'd, 'e'en as he is now, with sword and shield,
Honest to strike, and bold to die ere yield.
Alas! his country, 'twas not his to save—
A Roman falchion struck his helm—he reel'd—
Say, was it mercy held him from the grave,
And gave him life, to call him—gladiator, slave?
And is he now to stand as then he stood,
Arm'd and resolved against his country's foe,
And bathe his good sword in a brother's blood
To make a spectacle for Romans? No!
Look! on his cheek the colours come and go—
He cries, and dashes down the proffer'd knife,
"Give me a Roman mate; and blow for blow
I'll deal, while Heaven makes strong my arm for strife;
But think not Dacian blood shall ever buy me life!"
Erect and mute he stands awhile, and eyes
With folded arms that motley multitude—
But vain his hope to stir their sympathies:
No heart among them but is all too rude
To reck of pity, when it came for blood.
He combats, or must die—ignobly die;
He sees it, sorrowful but unblinded;
And grasps his sword again, while scornfully
Flashing fierce looks of hate from either swollen eye.
"Avant ye slaves! I toss ye back the name—
A Dacian captive flings a taunt on Rome—
A Dacian chief ye idly thought to tame,
To play the puppet in this cursed dome,
While he had memory of his flaming home.
His children slain, his country sack'd, oppress'd,
Dares ask: We have no more, we resolve could come
To cheat his victims of a bloody jest,
As use the sword they gave to plunge it in his breast!"
He spoke; and straight his noble bosom gored,
While wonder held all silent at the deed;
Then, drawing from his heart the reeking sword,
Look'd calmly for the gaping wound to bleed,
And died, the noblest of his stubborn breed.
And surely this some mercy might have wrought,
But mercy was not in the Roman creed;
And straight—as though the scene had passed was
nought—
Another slave was found, another combat fought.

J. N. O.

VARIETIES.

Professor M. Müller, of Göttingen, died recently at Athens, of a fever caught whilst exploring the remains of Delphi.

Coins of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, belonging to Brabant, Hainault, and Flanders, have been found in the walls of a cellar in the Fishmarket of Louvain. They amount to some 5000 small silver pieces, are in fine preservation, and of much interest to numismatology.

Auroch Horns.—A pair of these enormous horns, held to be of the primitive bull, have been found in a very curious place and way, viz. in the river Seille, near Tournon, by some fishermen, in casting their nets. Though broken at the tips, they are three-quarters of a yard long, and five inches in diameter at the base.

Peirce's Patent Identifying Detector Lock.—We have been much interested with a sight of this ingenious improvement on Chubb's patent lock, which, as is truly declared by the inventor, possesses, in addition to the most perfect security, a means of identifying any person who attempts to open it by any improper means whatever. "Its construction is simple, its parts accurate, its action peculiarly pleasant, remarkably strong; and, above all, it is so perfectly secure that it defies the most ingenious attempt to open it, by any kind of instrument that can possibly be applied. The combination upon which this security is founded admits, also, of such an infinite number of changes, that every lock differs, and can be opened only by its own proper key. Locks, known by the name of Detector-Locks," adds Mr. Pierce, "have long been before the public; but as they merely apprise the owner of an attempt having been made, without presuming to identify the guilty one, anxiety and suspicion are the natural results; and not unfrequently have the innocent been made to suffer with

the guilty." As a remedy for this evil, the present invention marks the offender with an unexpected stamp, which cannot be removed for weeks, and thus detects the perpetrator alone, without the possibility of misleading suspicion. We cannot tell whether we most admired the ingenuity or the certainty of this piece of mechanism, which may, indeed, be described not only as a secure lock to our doors and chests, but a key to those who would try to pick them.

American Punning.—A recent American paper states "that a poor drunken loafer was last Monday night picked up in the streets, with no sense in his head or cents in his pocket; but having a powerful scent of spirits in his breath, he was sent to the watchhouse to conclude the celebration of Saint Monday."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The History and Antiquities of Syon Monastery, Isleworth Parish, and of the Chapel of Hounslow, is announced by G. J. Augier, to be published by subscription.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Treatise on Geometry, and its Application to the Arts, by D. Lardner, LL.D. fcap. 6s.—Mauvel and Evanson on the Diseases of Children, new edition, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Parliamentary Speeches during the Session 1840, 8vo. 8s.—Oliver Cromwell, an Historical Romance, edited by Horace Smith, 3 vols. post 8vo. 12. 11s. 6d.—Rose's New Biographical Dictionary, Vol. II. 8vo. 18s.—The Fine Arts in England, by E. Edwards, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Sir H. Davy's Works, Vol. IX. (conclusion), 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Religion and Education in America, by J. D. Lang, D.D. fcap. 7s.—Tales of Travel, by F. B. Miller, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—True Politeness; or, Etiquette for Every Body: Part I. Gentlemen; Part II. Ladies, 1s. each.—Desultory Sketches and Tales of Barbadoes, fcap. 5s.—Sporting Oracle, 1841, 2s. 6d.—A Commentary on the Epistle of James, by the Rev. T. Mantou, D.D. 8vo. 5s.—Greek and English, and English and Greek Lexicon, by G. Dunbar, 8vo. 2s.—Bible Stories for very Little Children, first series, square, 2s. 6d.—Lieutenant Becher's Tables for Reducing Foreign Linear Measure into English, first series, 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Allies' Antiquities of Worcestershire, 8vo. 5s.—The Return to England; a Tale of the Fourth Year after the Battle of Waterloo, 3 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Plain Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. J. Slade, Vol. IV. 12mo. 6s.—The Rev. F. Fulford's Sermons on the Church and her Gifts, Vol. II. 8vo. 9s.—The Invalid's Guide to Madeira, by W. W. Cooper, 18mo. 4s.—Rosabel and Helveta, Poems by F. C. Cathey, post 8vo. 4s.—Scobell's Hymns and Psalms fourth edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—First and Second Book of Drawing, including Perspective, by J. Clark, 1s. 6d. each; or in one vol. 3s. 6d.—Jackson's Treatise on Agriculture, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Naval Sketches, by H. Moore, jun. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Rev. E. Selwyn's Farewell Sermon, 8s. 10mo. 1s. 6d.—Bishop Beveridge on Public Prayer and Frequent Communion, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—L. C. De Loude on Mechanical Deutistry, 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Miss Julia Corner's History of Ireland, fcap. 2s. 6d.—Manual of Politeness and Etiquette, 32mo. 1s. 6d.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

	August.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday ..	27	From 52 to 71	30.00 to 29.96
Friday ..	28	57 .. 73	29.97 .. 30.00
Saturday ..	29	58 .. 70	30.08 .. 30.10
Sunday ..	30	56 .. 75	30.03 .. 30.06
Monday ..	31	55 .. 72	30.08 .. 30.04
September.			
Tuesday ..	1	58 .. 77	29.96 .. 29.91
Wednesday ..	2	59 .. 75	29.71 .. 29.62

Wind, south-west on the 27th and following day; east on the 29th; south-east on the 30th; north-east on the 31st ult.; east on the 1st inst., and south-west on the 3d.

The morning of the 27th, overcast, with rain, afternoon and evening clear; the 28th, morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 29th, generally cloudy; the 30th, generally clear, except the evening, when a little rain fell; the 31st ult., morning cloudy, otherwise clear; the 1st inst., generally clear; the 2d, afternoon and evening cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear.

Rain fallen, .015 of an inch.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Guilelmus" will not do.

In our reviews of the works relative to the East Indies we have not endeavoured to reconcile the varieties of spelling of native names, wherever of men or places, which not only differ in these publications, but often in the same volume. They are, we trust, sufficiently near to be understood.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

The next (Tenth) Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held in Glasgow, during the Week commencing on Thursday, the 17th of September, 1840.

JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S. General Treasurer.

JAMES YATES, F.L.S. Secretary to the Council.

Gentlemen attending the Meeting at Glasgow are requested on their arrival to call, for information, at the Hall of Hutcheson's Hospital, London, July 17, 1840.

ROYAL INSTITUTION of GREAT BRITAIN, Albemarle Street, Sept. 1, 1840.

The extended and practical Course of Chemical Lectures and Demonstrations for Medical and General Students, delivered in the Laboratory of this Institution, by Professor Brande, will commence on Tuesday, the 6th of October, at Nine in the Morning, and be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at the same hour. The Course terminates in May.

A Prospectus and further Particulars may be obtained on application to Mr. Brande, or Mr. Fincher, at the Royal Institution. JOSEPH FINCHER, Assistant-Secretary.

PNEUMATIC or ATMOSPHERIC

RAILWAY, under Patents granted to Henry Pinks, Esq. the Inventor, dated in the Years 1834 and 1836.—To Railway and Canal Companies, Trustees of Turnpike Trusts, and others, Licenses to use the above important Invention, which is now clearly demonstrated, can be had either in Parts of Great Britain, in France, or Belgium, or the United States; or the Patent Rights will be disposed of in Part or in Whole.

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2. That of enabling railroad companies to traffic at one-third of the annual expense attendant on steam locomotive power.
3. The getting rid of all nuisance attendant on locomotive steam-engines.
4. The affording greater protection to life, and avoiding those fatal accidents and losses arising from the destruction of property by fire.
5. The immense saving to canal companies, by dispensing with horse power and increasing the speed on canals.
6. The enabling turnpike trusts to compete with the present increasing railroad transit.

The public are cautioned against entering into contracts with any party or parties who, under a colourable variation, are endeavouring to piratise the present patents.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE for September contains, in addition to its usual Contents, which are of more than ordinary interest, a Map of that Portion of New Brunswick and Lower Canada disputed by the Government of the United States, accompanied by a valuable and important Paper on the North American Question, which puts the Right of Great Britain to the whole of the Territory in Dispute in the clearest point of view.

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